The Nation.

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The Week.

Secretary Hay made the leading speech at the annual dinner of the Chamber of Commerce last week. To those who had kept account of his doings and sayings as Minister of Foreign Affairs during the past three years, his words seemed very appropriate. They were the substance not merely of things hoped for, but of those already seen. They were welcomed for the assurance they convey that the general policy with which Mr. Hay's name has been identified in the McKinley Administration will be continued under that of his successor. Upon that point he left nothing to be desired, and if his expression of it was rather more blunt than we usually expect in a discourse on foreign affairs, it was probably made so by design. It was perhaps not necessary for Mr. Hay to emphasize the fact that President Roosevelt is incapable of bullying a strong Power or of wronging a weak one; but since he has done so, we are bound to presume that he had the warrant of his chief in using just these expressions. They are more characteristic of the President than of the Secretary, and they will be welcomed, not because they were particularly needed, but because everybody can understand them. They are self-explanatory, and need neither gloss nor repetition. They apply first of all to the Powers of Europe, but they do not stop there. Mr. Hay paid marked deference to the republics of Central and South America, and reassured them, so far as words can go, that we have neither intention nor desire to encroach upon their territory or their rights, nor to overlook their claim to an equal place with ourselves in the community of nations. Perhaps the pleasantest impression left upon the minds of Mr. Hay's listeners was the belief that he would remain in the place which he has so acceptably and so honorably filled.

The Ship-Subsidy Bill, which has not yet been divulged by Senator Frye, seems to be already in a staggering way. According to a Washington telegram in the *Times*, the decision of the Reciprocity Convention the other day against Reciprocity has recoiled with considerable force against the subsidy scheme. Any person having the sense of humor must see that it would be rather jocose to vote money to promote foreign trade after killing a measure whose object is to increase the volume of our imports and exports. Aside from this inconsistency, however, it is evident that the Western Senators and Representatives are coming to Washington more decidedly adverse to the subsidy scheme than they were in the last Congress. The fact is, that their constituents have found out that it is a measure to tax the many for the benefit of the few, and the poor for the benefit of the rich. The workingmen's organizations, in particular, have recognized this feature of the scheme. They think that there are ways enough to accomplish this end by means of Trusts and combines, without tapping the national Treasury for the same purpose.

The movement for free hides in Massachusetts is a formidable one. Every argument of the commercial sort runs in its favor. We do not produce hides enough for our own use. About 25 per cent. of our consumption must be imported. The tax is a burden of $2,000,000 per year upon the tanning and shoe-making industries. It adds 5 to 8 per cent. to the cost of every pair of shoes worn by our own people. The duty (15 per cent. ad valorem) is not needed by the Government for revenue. In fact, it was not imposed for revenue. It was put into the Dingley tariff for the purpose of making the bill look more attractive to the farmers and cattle-growers. Hides had been free of duty for twenty-five years, and the American farmer had never imagined that he was injured by that fact. He had never raised an animal for the sake of its hide, nor does he do so now. It is doubtful if he ever received one cent more for an ox by reason of the duty on hides. If there has been any gain from that source, it has gone to the large butchering and packing companies. On the other hand, the American duty on hides has benefited the tanning interests of Canada by giving to the latter an advantage of 15 per cent. in the purchase of the raw materials. All the commercial and financial considerations point to a repeal of the duty as one of the steps to be taken by Congress. One political consideration, however, may outweigh everything else. If the tariff question is opened for one thing, it may be opened for any number of things. If free hides are a desideratum, is not free wool equally so? And what about lumber, iron ore, and coal?

The terrors and costs of modern warfare have been described with great fidelity by the Polish author Bloch, at whose instance, it is said, the Czar of Russia was moved to call the Peace Conference at The Hague. If M. Bloch had to write his book now, he would find some additional material of great value in the current report of the American Secretary of the Interior, who tells us that our pension list contains 4,000 names in excess of any previous year, and that the number of claims pending at the beginning of the present fiscal year was 403,569. About one-half of these were claims for increase of pensions from persons already on the rolls. The amount disbursed for pensions during the year (the thirty-sixth after the end of the civil war) was $138,531,484. Even more remarkable than this aggregate showing is the piling up of pension claims as a result of disabilities incurred in the war with Spain. About 20 per cent. of all the men enlisted have filed claims for a war that began only three years ago, whereas only 6 per cent. of the soldiers of the civil war had filed claims in 1872, eleven years after the beginning of that war. Many claims were filed for disability a few days after the claimants had been examined by army surgeons for discharge from the service, and had been found absolutely free from ailment of any kind. The history of one volunteer regiment which served six months is cited in the Secretary's report, where 477 claims for disability have been filed, out of a total enlistment of 53 officers and 937 men—50 per cent. of claimants in three years, as compared with 6 per cent. in eleven years after the beginning of the civil war. These terrors of war do not come within the scope of M. Bloch's volume because the nations of Europe do not tolerate fraud in their pension rolls.

Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, after a delay of several months, has secured the official ruling of the Board of Classification on the question whether a bas-relief is a "manufacture," and taxable at 50 per cent., or "statuary" at 20. The piece in dispute was a bas-relief in marble, by Mino da Fiesole, one of the most charming masters of the Italian Renaissance. Under a ruling of Appraiser Wilkinson, bas-reliefs were held by the Custom-house to be "manufactures," while sculpture wrought in the round, provided it was "the professional production of a statuary or sculptor," was "statuary," in the eye of the Dingley law. The application of this principle would clearly produce amazing results. In the eyes of Appraiser Wilkinson and of the Custom-house of the chief port of a civilized nation, the Parthenon frieze, for instance, would be a "manufacture." Again, Mr. St. Gaudens's superb Shaw memorial on Boston Common would be, so far as the horse and the main figure were concerned, "statuary"; but the noble background of marching negro troops, being a relief, would be a "manufacture." Fortunately, Mr. Havemeyer, though it must have amused him to find Mino's professional status more than in doubt, and

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his work classified with "manufactures of agate, alabaster, . . . coral, carnelian, . . . jet, malachite, marble," took the situation seriously, and appealed from the Appraiser's decision to the Board of Classification. Their decision that an Italian bas-relief of the best period is not a manufacture, but a work of art, is, if somewhat obvious, most commendable; for the Custom-house has, from beginning to end, shown a tendency to make the barbarous tariff on works of art doubly oppressive by unskilled and illiberal interpretation of its terms.

A proper protest is entered by a Republican newspaper against the assumption by some representatives of the Republican machine that "the organization" polled fully five-sixths of the votes cast for Mr. Low in this county. The New York *Press* analyzes the votes cast for Republican candidates in New York County at recent elections, recalling that Roosevelt polled about 112,000 for Governor in 1898 and McKinley about 153,000 for President in 1900. It estimates that fully 5,000 voters not Republican cast their ballots for Roosevelt in 1898, while it supposes that even the machine leaders will admit that McKinley received tens of thousands of independent and Democratic votes. In 1897, when Tracy ran as the straight Republican candidate for Mayor, he received about 55,000 votes in this county. The *Press* concludes from all this that the Republican machine vote is somewhere near 50,000, and that the rest of the 115,000 votes which Mr. Low received came from anti-Platt Republicans, Independents, Independent Democrats, and straight-out Democrats. The outside figure which it thinks can be claimed "with fairly decent grace" for the Republican vote this year, machine and anti-machine, is 115,000, which would leave fully 50,000 to the other elements in the Fusion movement.

We do not see any sound argument which can be made against the appeal of the recent State Conference of Charities for an amendment by the incoming Legislature of the transfer or legacy tax, so far as it affects bequests to charitable societies. A general statute provides that "the real property of a corporation or association organized exclusively for the moral or mental improvement of men or women, or for religious, Bible, tract, charitable, benevolent, missionary, hospital, infirmary, educational, scientific, literary, library, patriotic, historical, or cemetery purposes, or for the enforcement of laws relating to children or animals, or for two or more of such purposes, and used exclusively for carrying out thereupon one or more of such purposes, and the personal property of any such corporation or association, shall be exempt from taxation." It was in pursuance of the principles here enunciated that, when the policy of a transfer tax was adopted in this State, legacies in favor of societies thus exempted from taxation were expressly freed from subjection to the new tax. This exemption continued until a statutory revision of the laws in 1900 incorporated a provision that "the exemptions enumerated in section 4 of the tax law, of which this article is a part, shall not be construed as being applicable in any manner to the provisions of article 10 thereof." This provision has been found to remove the former exemption from the transfer tax of bequests to charitable societies. It is perfectly clear, however, that the public never supposed this change was being made by the Legislature of 1900, or an earnest opposition would have been provoked. No special attention appears to have been called to the amendment when it was pending at Albany, and certainly the people interested in charitable movements had no idea of what was being done. Some of them have contended that the change in the law does not require the imposition of the tax upon charitable bequests, but the question has been carried to the highest tribunal, which has decided that it does. The Court of Appeals has not concealed its judgment that the legislation is inequitable, the prevailing opinion saying that "whatever we may think of such an assault upon charitable transfers, we must recognize it."

One step forward in submarines is marked by the success of the *Fulton* on Saturday in keeping a crew submerged in perfect comfort for fifteen hours. This is probably unprecedented, though it has long been certain that life below water through the hours of daylight (at night, of course, the submarine can safely come up to breathe) could be made tolerable. In some of the French experiments, however, the men came up much distressed after being down only six hours. The officers on board the *Fulton* assert that they could have lived under water a week; though if machinery were being operated and the boat in motion, the conditions would be obviously different. And even if you can give your crew plenty of air to breathe, the chief problems connected with the submarine—equilibrium, perfect control, and intelligible sight of the point of attack—yet remain to be mastered. The highest promise of this new naval construction is in connection with harbor defence, in which it may well prove a potent aid, both actually and in its moral intimidation of a hostile fleet. Certainly enough has already been accomplished to justify the Navy Department in continuing its experiments with the submarines; though it must not be forgotten that we may soon have an automatically propelled torpedo, dirigible by wireless electricity—and then it would be good-bye to the present submarine type of boat.

Mr. Charles A. Conant, Special Commissioner of the War Department, on Money and Banking, has just returned from the Philippines, where he has been investigating currency conditions. He announces that the monetary plan suggested by the Civil Commission a year ago will probably be recommended again this year. It will be recalled that when the United States first took over the islands, it found there a silver standard which had succeeded a nominal gold standard about 1875. Gold had been driven out by the Mexican dollar, and the use of such dollars was legalized in 1876, those in circulation being made a legal tender. At the time of the American occupation, therefore, there was no gold in the islands, and the standard was an arbitrary one, fluctuating in value partly with the price of silver bullion, and partly with local demand and supply. The importation of Mexican dollars had been abolished in 1876, but after the American occupation this prohibition was abrogated, and an arrangement was effected by the Philippine Commission for the exchange of Mexican dollars against those of the United States at the rate of two for one. The dangers of such a situation are obvious. If, as Mr. Conant advises, the plan suggested a year ago should be adopted, the first step would probably be the issue of a silver peso of about the same content as the Mexican dollar, but redeemable at 50 cents in gold. This mode of reforming the currency would be akin to that adopted by Japan under similar circumstances some years ago, which is probably the best solution of the currency difficulties in the Philippines.

The fighting between Colombian factions on the line of the Isthmian railway somewhat complicates the duties of our Government. We are bound by treaty to keep communication open between Colon and Panama. This is at present done by three detachments of United States marines, stationed, respectively, at Colon, Panama, and midway between. The situation is ticklish just to this extent, that the attempt of our troops to prevent fighting on or near the line of the Panama Railway might result in a collision with either the Government forces or the revolutionists. But the danger of trouble with the Government troops is slight, for our marines have been landed with its full assent. Captain Perry apparently feels that the bombardment of any town on the Panama line is constructively an obstruction of traffic. It is on this principle chiefly that Lieut.-Commander McCrea of the *Machias* has prevented a Colombian gunboat from shelling the insurgents out of Colon. Such a position of strict neutrality is clearly a difficult one to maintain through a partisan war, and recurring acts of interference with the military movements of either party

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might result in serious complications. But, since the forces on either hand are small and the spectacular raid on Colon may any day end with the ejection of the insurgents, there will probably be little time for trouble to brew. The attitude of the American commanders has been wholly correct and impartial. In their hands it is unlikely that a delicate situation will develop into a dangerous one.

The London *Spectator*, in a spirit of friendship, proposes that England shall give her public instead of her tacit assent to the Monroe Doctrine, with the expectation that the other nations of Europe will follow her example, thus removing all cause for future irritation on the subject. But the *Spectator* knocks the whole plan into smithereens by the innocent requirement that the United States shall first define the Monroe Doctrine. No American statesman is bold enough to attempt that feat. Some of our greatest men have sought to define it in the forum of debate where they were not responsible for any results to flow from their words, but no one has ever ventured to give it a definition applicable to all cases; and we venture to say that no one living could be drawn by horse power to an inkstand where he should be compelled to write such a definition. Daniel Webster once gave a comprehensive statement of the Doctrine by saying that a case for its exercise (meaning a case for our interference in the affairs of another American state) "must be danger to our security, or danger, manifest and imminent danger, to our essential rights and our essential interests." But if this were inscribed on parchment as our understanding of the Monroe Doctrine, England and all the Powers would say: "We have always believed in that. It is a doctrine of universal application. W apply it to our own affairs daily. We could not keep house without it. We thought that the Monroe Doctrine was something peculiar to America—something not known before Monroe's time—but now it appears to be as old as the hills and applicable to all ages, countries, and climes." Then we should be just where we were before the *Spectator* conceived its happy solution of the difficulty. The *Spectator* means well, but we want to keep not only the Monroe Doctrine in pickle, but all the definitions of it that the exigencies of politics may require.

The permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague has decided that it is incompetent to consider the Boer appeal for intervention. No other decision was possible; for, in the first place, the Boers were not among the signatory Powers, to whom alone the Arbitration Convention applies. At the time of the Peace Conference, in fact, the Transvaal had, except with the consent of England, no international standing. Since that time Great Britain has become the *de-facto* administrator of the Boer territory. Quite apart from the question whether the Boers had any standing before the Court, that tribunal does not receive *ex-parte* pleas, nor any case of arbitration, unless "the object of the dispute" and "the extent of the arbitrator's powers" are agreed upon and duly formulated by both parties to the dispute. It will be remembered that during the session of the Peace Congress similar appeals from the Armenians, the Finns, and the Macedonian Committee were rejected as beyond the scope of the conference. The Hague Court, whatever may have been the private sympathies of the individual judges, had no choice but to follow this precedent and its own charter.

The announcement that France has definitely invited the other European Powers to send delegates to a conference upon ways and means of suppressing the "white slave" traffic is gratifying proof of a national and international awakening in regard to this infamous system. The conference has been planned for some months, notice of the French Government's intention having been given by Senator Bérenger at the meeting of the National Vigilance Association in Amsterdam early in October. The plan of the French Government is that there shall be a general discussion of the existing laws, with a view to suggesting methods of strengthening them from the international point of view. It is hoped that some uniform, drastic, and effective method of dealing with the agents may be devised, and as the German Emperor has taken a great personal interest in the matter, it is thought that in Germany, at least, some valuable results may follow. That the need for restrictive measures is still great, is apparent to any reader of the Continental press. An organized exportation of Polish women to the Argentine Republic has lately been uncovered, and one or two of the criminals have been caught. In Hungary and Bohemia, too, the horrible traffic has been steadily carried on, while the luring of English girls of good family into Holland, Belgium, and France goes on as steadily as it did when Mr. W. T. Stead made his extraordinary revelations in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, years ago.

For many years the selection of new plays for the Théâtre Français was intrusted, mainly, to a reading committee composed of *sociétaires*. Of late, and especially since the retirement of M. Got (now dead), there has been increasing dissatisfaction with the manner in which this committee has exercised its prerogatives. Complaints have been frequent among authors that the members of it were actuated chiefly by a desire for personal aggrandizement, and that a play had no chance of being accepted if it was not rich in opportunities for all the principal performers. In many cases pieces were so cut and mangled, to suit the leading players, as to be barely recognizable by their original creators. Only recently, a play that had been in the hands of the committee for years, and had been rewritten and remodelled to a considerable extent, to meet the requirements of this one and that, failed so ignominiously upon its production—chiefly on account of the absurdity of some of the emendations—that the reputed author declined to be held responsible for it. This result was nothing more than might reasonably have been expected from the deliberations of actors, each of whom was intent upon his own individual interest. The wonder is that the system should have avoided an open breakdown as long as it did.

Perceiving the folly and scandal of it, M. Leygues, Minister of Instruction, recently decreed that hereafter M. Claretie, the intellectual head of the theatre, a keen critic, an elegant writer and accomplished scholar, should have the sole power of choosing plays for performance, thereby putting an end to the jealousies and intrigues which had distracted the committee, and fixing the responsibility upon a single person, who could be replaced at pleasure if he should prove incapable. Instantly the actors were in revolt over this alleged invasion of their rights and reflection upon their acumen and integrity. The thought that they had been relieved from an irksome and difficult duty, for which they were not fitted and which ought not to have been imposed upon them, never occurred to them. They could see nothing but the affront to their dignity, and think of nothing but the way to avenge it. Their final resolve is worthy of sulky children. Hitherto it has been the custom to appoint certain members of the company, in rotation, to superintend the staging of new plays. Now the actors refuse their assistance. They say that, if M. Claretie is to choose the plays without help, he may have the privilege of staging them also. And so matters are temporarily at a deadlock. If M. Leygues stands firm, however, the conflict can have but one termination. The players certainly will be beaten, as they deserve to be. Already there is a proposal that *sociétaires* shall be retired compulsorily at the end of twenty years' service, and more stringent measures of reorganization might be adopted, if necessary. There is no reason to fear that an infusion of new acting blood would do any permanent harm to the constitution of the Français.

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FACILITATING TRADE.

How strong, and often malign, may be the prejudice connected with old battle-cries, was shown again at the opening of the Reciprocity Convention in Washington on November 19. To some delegates, free trade was evidently a dragon hidden somewhere in the hall, and ready to rush upon them if they were unwary. So they got up to crush every argument in favor of reciprocity with the ready charge that it was only free trade in disguise. On the other hand, manufacturers like Mr. Farquhar, who are thinking earnestly of the foreign market and how best to get to it, could regard their opponents only as the embodiment of a bigoted protectionism, "gorging itself on the spoils of the weak." So the Convention seemed at once to be in for a renewal of ancient battles and old recriminations.

The lame and impotent resolutions adopted the next day mark the culmination and failure of the movement to induce the Republican party to do something this session for American trade. The resolutions themselves ought to be set as an example of bad logic to children in the public schools. It would certainly be a poor student who could not pass with honor an examination requiring him to point out (1) how the tail of the resolutions eats up the head; (2) how the wrong conclusion is drawn from correct premises; and (3) how what is openly asserted in one resolution is covertly denied in its neighbor. The process appears to have been to allow the man who wanted foreign trade to write one clause, and the man who hated foreign trade to introduce the amendments which nullified it. Thus, the Convention highly resolved that it was in favor of "opening up by reciprocity," and by "special modifications of the tariff, opportunities for increased foreign trade," but "only where it can be done without injury to any of our home interests of manufacturing, commerce, or farming." There it is! You may do it, only on condition that you don't do it!

We take it for granted that this sounds the death-knell of all the reciprocity treaties. Mr. McKinley negotiated them and believed in them; President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay will urge their ratification; great manufacturers and exporters will press their acceptance by the Senate, but that body has the grave ready into which they are to be tumbled without even the rites of Christian burial. And the reason is clear. The Republican party is afraid of the discussion. It shrinks from revealing its internal differences of opinion on this subject. Moreover, it knows that the clutch of selfish interests is upon its throat. It is of the nature of protection to make its greed blind and angry, and protection is now renewing its old threats to the Republican party if any attempt is made to diminish its pound of flesh, nominated in the tariff, by the twentieth part of one poor scruple. In view of all this, the Republican party has had the cowardice of its lack of convictions, and its leaders have practically said, "What, invite a party split when we are comfortably in the enjoyment of all the offices? No such folly!"

The real folly, however, lies in the determination to do nothing. This is tantamount to serving notice on the country that the power which it has given the Republican party is not to be used except in a timid, hand-to-mouth fashion. It is not to be employed to fortify the country against the coming of an evil day. But the evil day in trade and agriculture will surely come. Its arrival cannot, in fact, be much longer delayed, unless the fat years are to be multiplied by special miracle in our behalf. Let the chill fall upon our industry which the law of averages makes us certain will fall ere long; let scanty crops coincide with low prices for them, as may easily be the case next year or the year after; and then let it appear that we are cut off from our foreign market by the neglect of the Republican party to follow the advice and urging of President McKinley—and what will be the result? Who will look foolish then? The economic effects will be disastrous, but the political effects may be simply appalling.

There are two kinds of statesmanship—the far-sighted, and the bat-blind. Party leaders may seek power for two ends—either to lie at ease in the patronage pen, with their snouts near the trough, or to put office and party control to large and creative use in inaugurating wise and far-reaching national policies. To the latter course the Republican party was invited by its unexampled opportunity, as by the utter demoralization of the Opposition, and was urged to it by the enlightened and progressive minds within its own ranks. It appears to have decided, for the present, upon the "great refusal." It will do nothing but enjoy the goods which it thinks it has laid up for many years. Its chosen watchword is that of the lotus-eaters—"Let us alone." But the history of the rise and fall of parties has been written in vain if this somnolent statesmanship is not destined ere long to a rude awakening. If there were no Opposition party, it would be necessary to invent one, in order to enact at Washington a trade policy corresponding to the needs of the time and the demands of the country.

The Governor-elect of Iowa, Mr. Cummins, gave fitting expression, at the New York Chamber of Commerce dinner last week, to the sense of boundless pride in our national resources and opportunity which pervades the Central West. Out there they are fully ready for a "fair field and no favors" in the world's competition. They know that they can feed the world and make machinery for the world, and they look with growing impatience upon that cowering timidity of many interests in the East which dreads and hampers foreign trade. We are prepared to go out for the conquest of the world, yet we fall a-wrangling whether we shall reduce our duty on pinchbeck jewelry by 5 per cent.! We are building bridges in Africa and India, invading England, frightening Austria, and disturbing Germany with our expanding and victorious trade, yet we squabble over a few pairs of stockings! Well, it is all very petty and ridiculous, but we pin our faith to natural forces which are sure to triumph in the end, despite the puny men who get in their way. And we confidently expect that rejoicing America, going forth like a strong man to run the race of industrial competition, will not much longer submit to the weights and clogs fastened upon its limbs by short-sighted or selfish men.

A SHIPPING TRUST.

The gentlemen connected with the formation of Trusts do not habitually take the public into their confidence until their plans have been carried out. It was therefore not to be expected that any announcement would be made as to the persistent rumors that the control of the White Star Line has been acquired by Americans. Whatever technical denials of particular statements may be made about the existence of a gigantic Shipping Trust, however, a report from trustworthy sources is current in shipping circles which throws more light on the actual situation than any number of denials of carefully selected rumors.

It appears that, in order to carry out an agreement with the Canadian Grand Trunk Railway, a service of two steamers a week is to be maintained between Portland, Me., and Liverpool. This service, it is alleged, is to be made up from the fleets of the Leyland Line, the Atlantic Transport Line, the Dominion Line, and the White Star Line. In other words, here are four companies which do not openly admit that they are part of any shipping combination, but which are actually combining their fleets in order to form a connecting line between the Grand Trunk Railway and Liverpool, and to make a line of sufficient importance to require two steamers a week. The fact that the Leyland Line takes part in this service indicates that it is in the syndicate, and the same may, perhaps, be said of the White Star Line and of the Atlantic Transport Line. But whoever is or is not in the syndicate, the important fact is that an international combination exists, including at least four hitherto independent lines. And this is the same Atlantic Transport Line whose President sent to the Commissioner of Navigation a recently pub-

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lished letter arguing for an American subsidy.

It is interesting to note the relation between this combined line and the plan for a subsidy which was pressed so urgently in the last Congress, and which is to be brought up again in Washington within a few weeks. Here is a line of ships, all foreign-built, ostensibly engaged in our foreign commerce from the port of Portland, but really a part of a line of transportation from British America and Canada to England—that is, foreign ships engaged in foreign business. Yet the single device of putting the title to these ships in a company, and the putting of the nominal title to 51 per cent. of the stock of that company in the names of United States citizens, would require our Government to pay a heavy subsidy to every ship for every voyage under the plan of subsidy proposed. This Portland Line has an unmistakable connection with the plans of the subsidy seekers—just as unmistakable as the plan of a certain large ship-building Trust which was put before investors, a year ago, when the Subsidy Bill was being pushed in Washington, but which was withdrawn when the bill was dropped in the Senate. The combining of the fleets of foreign companies in the Portland Line also shows that the foreign steamship companies, which were said to be fighting an American subsidy, have merely been preparing to share in such a bonus as the American people shall find it in their hearts to donate.

The contrast between the plans of this great shipping combination—which is inspired and controlled by Americans, if not wholly composed of Americans—and the pitiful cry of the same Americans for Government aid would justify most satirical comment. But there is a side of the subject too grave to be treated lightly. Great business combinations are with us, for better or worse. They exist in defiance of the policy of the law, and in many cases in defiance of its letter. They avoid legal attack by making their most important arrangements through secret contracts on which no legal authority can lay its hand; but when their combinations have been effected, they can dictate terms to their competitors, and often to the public. Foreign commerce is a most inviting field for such combinations. If the great ship-building companies and the great shipping lines have not been drawn into a combination, or are not now drawing into a combination, they are throwing away opportunities which are being seized upon in every other field of business. But facts which leak out indicate that there has been no such neglect of opportunities, and that one of the chief reasons for secrecy is the plan that has been brewing to induce the United States Government to make an annual contribution to the profits of such combinations. To accomplish this, the component American companies must continue to act in the rôle of infant industries until the Subsidy Bill has passed. Now, business combinations existing in accordance with law, or by avoidance of it, are one thing, and combinations made profitable by Government assistance are a very different and more serious thing.

We cannot say, however, that we are surprised that combination should take the latter form. So many resolutions have been passed by political conventions, and so many speeches have been made by statesmen, in favor of *some kind* of subsidy, that capitalists who are alive to their opportunities could not fail to see the double advantages offered by a Shipping Trust. In our view, they are much less to blame for the subsidy scheme than the politicians who tell them that there is a large surplus in the Treasury to be applied to some vague public purpose, through the pockets of private individuals.

The piling up of a surplus in the Treasury is perhaps the greatest menace to American institutions to-day. It offers a temptation to all the greedy and unscrupulous characters in the nation to bring forward plans for disbursing it through channels which they control. River-and-harbor and slack-water navigation schemes are multiplying beyond precedent. Battle-ships and big guns are looming up in astounding number and size. We shall presently have proposals for new pensions and additions to old ones. The amount in the Treasury can never be so large that there will not be found sufficient outlets for it. All the schemers will marshal themselves behind the Ship-Subsidy Bill, and will claim that their plans for disposing of the surplus are just as good and just as much entitled to consideration as those advanced by Senators Frye and Hanna; and in this they will be quite justified.

POLITICS IN STATE INSTITUTIONS.

At the Charities Conference last week Mr. George F. Canfield, President of the State Charities Aid Association, read a paper on the influence of politics on State and city institutions. The conclusions which he reached are founded upon reports received in answer to inquiries sent throughout the State asking information on this particular point. It is gratifying to learn, from the answers received, that the charitable institutions supported in whole or in part by the proceeds of taxation are, for the most part, "free from the influence of bad politics." By bad politics is meant the kind which seeks places in these institutions for the sake of getting positions for "henchmen" or making profits by supplying goods to the institutions. The other kind of politics, which finds its way into the boards of managers, and is considered by most people not very censurable, consists in the general practice of filling all vacancies as they occur in the boards with persons belonging to the party in power, instead of reappointing, regardless of their political affiliations, those whose terms have expired. This kind of partisanship does not necessarily lower the standard of management of the institutions, but neither does it tend to elevate it. If nothing worse, it tends to lessen the interest of one-half of the community in the management; and this is a manifest harm to the State.

The effects of partisanship in the administration of public charities have been exhibited within recent years in a striking manner in the State of Indiana. The political majority in Indiana has oscillated from the Republicans to the Democrats and vice versa ever since the civil war. Party spirit has been intense, sometimes to the point of riotous behavior, and as a consequence every scrap of political patronage has been utilized for all it was worth, and even much more than it was worth. With every change of the political control, there was a change of the officers, attendants, and laborers of the institutions—not all at once, because the institutions could not be carried on without a certain number of experienced hands, but gradually and surely. Of course, the new appointees were selected not for their fitness, not for their knowledge of the needs of the patients in the hospitals and asylums, but for their party service and their "pull." The result was a degradation of the service so infamous and a series of scandals so glaring and outrageous and continuous that both parties agreed to uproot and cast it out for ever. From time to time we have commented on this reform in Indiana, which put the administration of public charities on a non-partisan basis, and made the avenue to appointment, in all subordinate places, dependent upon competitive examination.

Although the present Governor of Indiana has shown some signs of backsliding, it is perhaps safe to say that its charitable institutions are now as free from partisan influence and contamination as those of any State in the Union. Those of New York, according to Mr. Canfield, are in very encouraging shape, but they are not beyond the reach of amendment. One of the local reports says that the superintendent of the almshouse is an inefficient saloonkeeper, and that his aim is to keep as many relatives and friends employed there as possible. Another says:

"No superintendent is elected for more than two terms. Partisan influence controls and out-door relief is also affected. Numerous instances have come to our knowledge in which voters undeserving of relief have made upon overseers of the poor demands upon the ground of past political support and of threatened opposition in the future in case their demands are not complied with. In purchasing supplies, they are compelled by political considerations to distribute their orders to

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storekeepers who charge full retail prices and often supply inferior articles, when good supplies can be purchased in bulk of wholesale dealers at a large saving to the county. Most of the county superintendents of both parties have been in the habit in a greater or less degree of using the almshouse as headquarters for their political followers, where expensive dinners and entertainments were furnished at public expense."

In another place the practice existed, on the part of the superintendent, of distributing favors in the purchase of supplies in return for votes. This practice had become established, and was acquiesced in as "a regular thing," but it happened that "a Christian gentleman was elected who served without fear or favor, purchasing goods where he could purchase them cheapest." The consequence was that at the next election he "got left." The politicians had no further use for him.

In short, the finding of the investigation is that the administration of public charities in New York is for the most part good, being free from partisan influence, but that badness exists in spots, and that here it is due to the sluggishness of local public opinion. It is a noticeable fact that in the places where the superintendents and overseers of the poor are inefficient and dishonest, "it is more frequently the public and the taxpayers than the inmates who suffer." Reduced to percentages, it is found that the bad effects of politics in the institutions, so far as the welfare of the inmates is concerned, is represented by 15 to 20 in the 100, and so far as extravagance and wastefulness of the public funds are concerned, by a percentage of 35.

The conditions existing in the city of New York are susceptible of much improvement, yet Mr. Canfield awards high commendation to Mr. Keller, the present Commissioner of Charities. Although a Tammany man and a pretty stiff partisan, he has given us the best administration of that department the city has ever had. But there still remains much to be done in the way of eliminating the baleful influences of politics. No radical changes are recommended in the methods of managing the State institutions, their condition being on the whole satisfactory. It is suggested, however, that the boards of managers should consist of not less than seven members each, and that the term of office of not more than one member should expire in any one year; since, with a slowly changing body, no State administration can appoint a majority of the members, and thus there will be less political pressure for places under them. The civil-service rules should be extended to the county institutions, and means for enforcing them in those places should be devised. Finally, we need a steady and enlightened public opinion, for the creation and sustenance of which we have excellent organs in the State Board of Charities, the State Charities Aid Association, the charity organization societies existing throughout the State, and in various publications devoted to the interests of charity. Altogether the outlook is cheering to those who give their time to charitable work without pay, and who find their reward in the happiness of the needy and the afflicted.

TOURNEBUT.

PARIS, November 8, 1901.

'Tournebut' is a natural sequel to the 'Marquis de la Rouërie.' It is another chapter in the insurrection of Brittany against the Revolution, as painful, as interesting as the first. It is, so to speak, the dying flame of the revolt, as it extends from 1804 to 1809 in the time of the Empire. Here again M. Lenotre has found many inedited documents; he has, besides, had the good fortune to procure for his work, which has not a prepossessing title, a preface by the popular Victorien Sardou.

Many people have, I suppose, been surprised by this title: "Tournebut." What is Tournebut? Explanation is at once in order, as the name hitherto has had no historical associations. There was, in the Department of Eure, on the left bank of the Seine, not far from Gaillon, an old castle, called the Château de Tournebut. Though its high façade could be seen from the river, Tournebut was really not on the line of transit, either by water or by land, from Rouen to Paris; it was surrounded by woods and between the river and the high road, and therefore very isolated. In the first years of the seventeenth century it belonged to the family of the Maréchal de Marillac, and tradition will have it that, in the course of the struggle between Marillac and Richelieu, false money was fabricated in the castle. Marillac was executed in Paris in 1632.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century Tournebut was the perfect type of the old castles, where there was hardly any trace of luxury or wealth, with immense rooms and very little comfort, enormous walls, hiding-places, high roofs covered with tiles. It was inhabited in 1804 by the Marchioness of Combray, the daughter of a president of a court of law in Normandy. She was a widow, had two sons and two daughters; she possessed, besides Tournebut, large domains in the neighborhood of Falaise. She was a very imperious and courageous person, and determined, even fanatical, royalist. Her authority over her dependents, farmers, servants, was boundless. All the attempts of the royalists of the western part of France against the Revolution had ended in signal failure; some of them had submitted; but there remained still in 1804 a number of malcontents. The civil war had dwindled to the proportions of mere brigandage. There were still, however, constant communications with the *émigrés* and the princes in England; but the chief exploits of the last leaders of the Chouannerie consisted in holding up and plundering, on the high road, the diligences which carried the bags of gold and silver of the collectors of taxes.

M. Lenotre's new volume begins with the dramatic episode of the conspiracy of the famous Georges Cadoudal, the man of whom Napoleon was most afraid, and who had resolved to take his life. All the details of Cadoudal's arrest in Paris, of his terrible defence against the detectives who arrested him, of his trial, and of his execution are well known and belong to history. Cadoudal had organized a plan of communication with the *émigrés* in England, through Normandy, by means of a series of hiding-places between Paris and the Channel Coast. After his death, the man whom the Chouans of Normandy considered as his successor, and whom in their communications they called the "great Alexander," was the Viscount Robert d'Aché; he was hiding in Paris at the same time as Georges Cadoudal. He had, like him, been denounced by a traitor named Querelle, but he succeeded in escaping from Paris, travelling in disguise and changing his clothes several times, and finally took refuge at the house of his old friend, Madame de Combray, at Tournebut. He remained there fourteen months, under the name of Deslorières, without attracting the attention of Fouché's vigilant police. In his retreat, however, he never ceased to conspire against the Government, and tried to remain in communication with the royalists in England, exasperated by the death of the Duke d'Enghien, of Georges Cadoudal, and of Pichegru. Madame de Combray led apparently the most quiet life. She played at cards or at trictrac all day long, with friends or visitors, generally with her notary. Nobody could have suspected that her house had become a nest of conspirators. She was living with two daughters. Her two sons had emigrated; one of them was serving in the army of the Princes, the other living in England.

In the year 1795, a certain M. Acquet, Chevalier de Férolles, had come to Madame de Combray with a letter of recommendation from a refractory priest (such was the name given to the priests who did not accept the civic constitution of the clergy). He gave himself out as "Agent General of his Majesty," cited Charrette, Frotté, Puisaye, as his intimate friends. He was really a mere adventurer, and he colored with a royalist tincture his exploits, which consisted chiefly in robbing the tax-gatherers on the high road. He was very well received by Madame de Combray, and seduced one of her daughters so as to make a marriage inevitable. He was the worst of husbands; his wife left him, and instituted proceedings for a legal separation. Acquet became the bitterest enemy of all the Combray family, and his active hatred found in time the most complete satisfaction. He knew very well that Madame de Combray was hiding royalists in her château. He became the voluntary spy of Fouché, and followed eagerly all the movements of Madame de Combray and her friends.

Madame Acquet became, after her separation from her husband, the mistress of a certain Le Chevalier, an ardent royalist, a sort of "héros de roman," and she took part in all his enterprises, and dressed sometimes in man's clothes. Le Chevalier seems to have been the chief organizer of an expedition which resulted in a highway robbery in the wood of Quesnoy, five leagues from Caen, not far from the castle of Donnay, where Madame Acquet was living at the time. The sum of 60,000 francs fell into

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the hands of Le Chevalier and seven men, his accomplices. For a long time all the researches of the police were vain; but the arrest of Le Chevalier in Paris, where he audaciously paraded as an agent of the Princes, finally put Fouché's agents on the right track. A detachment of gendarmes was sent to Tournebut. Madame de Combray was arrested with her son and sent to the Conciergerie at Rouen. The police hoped to find D'Aché at Tournebut, but this extraordinary man discovered some secret refuge. For two days Madame de Combray was cross-examined by the Prefect. She avowed that she knew D'Aché, but denied knowing where he was. Tournebut was searched in every part, and it was ascertained that this venerable castle was in fact full of hiding-places and capable of receiving an army of conspirators. D'Aché, however, could not be found.

Madame Acquet had disappeared. She was, however, after many incidents, arrested and sent also to the Conciergerie at Rouen. She had been denounced by one of her accomplices. Once in prison, she made a complete confession. She told all she knew of D'Aché's plans, of his journeys to England, of the organization of the plot. She formally accused D'Aché of having been the cause of all her misfortunes, of having advised and planned the robbery of the public funds in the attacks on the diligences. She accused her mother, Madame de Combray, of having transported some of the funds to Caen. She was prepared to die on the scaffold, and had already cut her hair. She tried to hang herself, but was prevented in time.

It was decided that the theft at Quesnoy should be tried before a special court at Rouen. In 1807 there were as many as thirty-eight people, men and women, in prison during the preparation of the case. But D'Aché, the successor of Georges Cadoudal, was still at large. A letter was sent to Madame de Combray, announcing to her the downfall of Napoleon and the arrival of the King, ending with these words: "Write at once to M. D'Aché a letter which he may give to his Majesty. I will see that it is put in his hands." Madame de Combray fell into the trap and wrote in answer that D'Aché was generally in the neighborhood of Bayeux. But D'Aché was not to be found on such vague information. He was still at liberty ten months after the robbery at Quesnoy. All his accomplices were in prison. He himself led the life of a fugitive, lived chiefly in the woods, found everywhere friends willing to conceal him for days, chiefly royalist ladies, till he became the victim of a certain Madame de Vaubadon, who, according to public opinion, was his mistress. D'Aché was killed by four gendarmes, after a great struggle, under circumstances which have remained mysterious to this day. Madame de Vaubadon was obliged to leave Caen, as she was popularly considered an accomplice of the gendarmes, if not their leader.

Of all the other "dramatis personæ" of this truly horrible drama, the only interesting one is Madame de Combray, who never had any part in the highway robberies, and who was led away solely by her admiration for D'Aché and by her royalist fanaticism. Her daughter, Madame Acquet, died on the scaffold. Her family and her friends made incessant efforts to obtain pardon for herself, but she remained in prison till the return of the Bourbons in 1814. She went back to Tournebut and found it in a very dilapidated state. She never left her old castle till she died in 1823. She was eighty-one years old.

Correspondence.

MR. CHARLES F. ADAMS'S ADVICE TO THE BOERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It seems unlikely that men who are fighting for national existence and who have been made more desperate by the burning of their homes and the deaths of their wives and children in prison camps, will lay down their arms in deference to any historical example, however apposite. But is the historical example adduced by Mr. Charles Francis Adams really apposite? Had the Confederates anything like such a field for guerrilla warfare as the Boers have? Were the Southern whites in general sustained by anything like the patriotic and religious spirit of the Boer? There is a third and a still more important point of difference. The demeanor of the Federal Government, its generals, and the Northern people generally towards the vanquished Confederates was generous and magnanimous. They did not insolently insist on abject and humiliating submission. Nor did the Federal press and platform pour a torrent of bloodthirsty insult and menace on the fallen. There was no hanging for "disloyalty" or driving of friends and kinsmen to attend the executions. Nor was Ben Butler sent to govern the conquered South with arbitrary power, though he could not have been more hateful to the Southerner than Milner is to the Boers.

Milner avows that, as Governor of the Cape Town Colony, he sided with the British "Loyalists," as they call themselves, against the Dutch. Has he, then, a moral right to hang Dutch sympathizers with the Boers as traitors? Equity.

November 25.

THE SOUTHERN SYMPATHIZERS WITH TAMMANY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: While the good people of New York city are feeling jubilant over the result of the late election, that part of the Southern forces which gave its moral support to the Tammany candidate, and which urged "the Southern colony" in your city to vote the ticket that would perpetuate in power the present corrupt administration, are now, with some of the Southern politicians, mourning over the overthrow of their ancient ally. Thus, according to the Savannah *Morning News*, the State Treasurer of Georgia considers the result of the New York election as a national calamity; the Governor of Georgia, according to the same paper, expresses similar views, and gives it as his opinion that the worst Democrat is better than the best Republican. Such views are probably in harmony with the spirit that caused, at the late election in Alabama, the disfranchisement of 95 per cent. of its colored voters, on the assumption that a vote in the hands of the most ignorant and debased white Democrat is safer to the politician than one in the hands, for example, of a Tuskegee graduate. A Sojourner.

Savannah, Ga., November 20, 1901.

MALAHACK AND BALLYHACK.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In one city of New England, and more than half a century ago, the phrase "Go to Ballyhack" (or "to Balahack") was in use among the young, as a general rejoinder. If memory does not mislead me, the expression "Don't Balahack it now," seems familiar, too.

Mallyhack, I never heard, but the discussion in the *Nation* reminded me of the old use, and I have waited, hoping some one else might recall what may be the older form. Balahack suggests an origin on this side, possibly. Old England.

Wokingham, Eng., November 12, 1901.

Notes.

Mr. T. W. Higginson's speech at Winchester, England, as Harvard's representative, has prompted Mr. A. R. Waller to translate for Christmas publication, through H. Wilford Bell, Hastings House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, Mme. Th. Bentzon's paper on Mr. Higginson, "Un Américain Représentatif," which appeared originally in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and afterwards in her "Questions Américaines." A small volume will be the result.

Messrs. Scribner have nearly ready 'The Great Persian War and its Preliminaries: A Study of the Evidence, Literary and Topographical,' by G. B. Grundy, M.A., Lecturer at Brasenose College.

Fresh announcements from John Lane are 'Jane Austen: Her Homes and her Friends,' by Constance Hill, with illustrations by Ellen Hill; 'A Field of Clover,' fairy tales by Laurence Housman; 'Later Poems,' by Mrs. Alice Meynell; and Bacon's essay, 'Of Gardens.'

The Elston Press, Pelham Road, New Rochelle, N. Y., has lately suffered loss by fire of the entire impression of a folio edition of 'Piers Plowman.' The handpresses and type, however, having been saved, the work has been begun anew and completed in a limited edition of 200 copies. It is to be followed, before the holidays, by 'The Tale of Gamelyn' (fourteenth century), in as many copies, and the Sonnets of Shakspere reprinted in the original spelling from the first edition of 1609.

Forthcoming in Small, Maynard & Co.'s pocket "Beacon Biographies" are 'Hamilton,' by Prof. James Schouler; 'Longfellow,' by Prof. George R. Carpenter; 'Edwin Booth,' by Charles Townsend Copeland; and 'S. F. B. Morse,' by Prof. John Trowbridge.

It never rains but it pours, and so already we have the season's second edition of Lamb's 'Tales from Shakspere' (London and New York: Raphael Tuck & Sons). But it has a distinction quite its own, being in two large octavo volumes elaborately illustrated, and supplied by Dr. Furnivall not only with a general historic-bibliographical introduction, and special introductions for each Tale, but with supplementary "sketches" for "Love's Labor's Lost" and "The Merry Wives," as well as for four of

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the five tragedies not told by Charles Lamb. These sketches make no pretence to compare in literary form with the Tales, and are, in fact, hardly calculated for the young at all, except so far as they have in mind "the young person" and eliminate what is objectionable. Perhaps this combination of talents may end in a reclassification of the Tales out of "Juvenilia." There are two frontispieces—the Droeshout Shakspere and a photogravure of Dr. Furnivall; a portrait group of Charles and Mary Lamb; and numerous illustrations by Harold Copping, full-plate and in the text, above the average in quality, and the best very good indeed. The typography is bold and clear.

There is a Lilliputian army of good books which can with difficulty be more than enumerated, such as the delectable series in embossed buff leatherette issued by the Century Co., now augmented by the 'Odes of Horace: Translations from the Latin by Various Authors, Selected and Edited by Benjamin E. Smith,' sometimes in duplicate or triplicate, as when Milton and Goldwin Smith compete over the Ode to Pyrrha; and by 'Lincoln: Passages from his Speeches and Letters, with an Introduction by Richard Watson Gilder' and a portrait. Then there is Mr. John Lane's purple and gold "Lover's Library," with its 'Love Poems of Robert Burns' and 'Love Poems of Mrs. Browning,' including the Sonnets from the Portuguese. On a larger scale, by the way, though still handy, is the same publisher's reprint of Mrs. Browning's 'Casa Guidi Windows,' with a rather chilling introduction by A. Mary F. Robinson (Mme. Duclaux), and a view of Casa Guidi. Mr. Lane further extends his "Flowers of Parnassus" with Pope's 'Rape of the Lock,' with Aubrey Beardsley's grotesque illustrations; and Tennyson's 'Dream of Fair Women,' with illustrations by Percy Bulcock. Finally, he concludes his tiny edition of George Borrow with 'The Zincali,' an account of the Gypsies of Spain. Here the compression trenches decidedly upon the readability of the text. Scarcely up to the standard of the generality of the foregoing, yet still presentable, are Gray's 'Elegy [and Other Poems]' and Matthew Arnold's 'Sweetness and Light' proceeding from H. M. Caldwell & Co. ("Remarque Edition"), along with 'Selections from Fénelon' and 'Wit and Wisdom of Sidney Smith,' this last in a very attractive limp chamois binding.

In 16mo form is the new Oxford India Paper Dickens, begun with 'A Tale of Two Cities,' with Phiz's illustrations (H. Frowde); but the compact volume really embraces also 'A Child's History of England.' It is hardly to be believed that nearly 850 pages are so compactly bestowed. The seventeen volumes contemplated in all will thus exact but a little more than a foot of space upon the shelf.

Fleming H. Revell Company have thought Mrs. Sangster's 'Winsome Womanhood,' of which we spoke last year, worthy of a dress in keeping with gift-books, and have accordingly reproduced it somewhat sumptuously, with pale tinted borders, and impressionistic portrait studies from life by William Buckingham Dyer.

Mr. Howells has sat in judgment on his 'Italian Journeys' for a new edition with Mr. Joseph Pennell's illustrations (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). He has pruned it of youthful faults of affectation, and offers it as much worthier of credence than before. Mr. Pennell's designs appear to have suffered at some stage in the reproduction, and are only occasionally at his best level.

Flaubert's 'Salammbô,' translated by J. W. Matthews, has been attractively brought out by Doubleday, Page & Co., in the nineteenth-century series of French novels edited by A. R. Waller in conjunction with Arthur Symons. Flaubert's portrait serves as frontispiece.

An anonymous translation of a once popular set of stories by Eugène Sue is issued, under the title of 'The Seven Cardinal Sins,' by the H. M. Caldwell Company, in five presentable volumes. Such an attempt at revival can hope for little better than a feeble *succès d'estime* with the few who still remember the vogue of Sue's greater novels some two generations ago. The ambitious pretensions of their special pleadings have long since been superseded; and the somewhat vulgar bourgeois epicureanism of the present collection is equally out of date in tone, if not in spirit. Entertainment they may here and there present, as in the story of 'Gluttony,' with its descriptions of dainties even more appetizing than the Gargantuan feasts of 'L'Ami Fritz.' The language offers so few difficulties that a more perfectly equipped translator would easily have avoided the error of mistaking *Luxure* for Luxury; but the present *traditore* has possibly forgotten his catechism.

Although not a book to be taken with great seriousness, yet the 'History of American Art,' by Sadakichi Hartmann (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.), is in some respects a better work than might have been expected. There is considerable catholicity of judgment shown in it, and there are a good many bits of shrewd judgment and of acute characterization of individual artists. On the other hand, the arrangement is confused and confusing, the statements sometimes reckless in the extreme, and there are pages of "wild and whirling words," not to say of absolute nonsense. Dignity, balance, and reserve are certainly not its qualities, but it might almost be recommended, in the absence of anything better, if it were not for certain passages with regard to the sculptor Saint-Gaudens which are not only untrue, but are calculated to do the more harm as they are disguised under the semblance of praise.

From the same publishers comes 'Beautiful Women in Art,' translated from the French of Armand Dayot by H. Twitchell. The plates show us many beautiful women, many pretty women, a number that are neither one thing nor the other, and some that are downright plain. Some are great works of art that are not portraits, some are portraits that are not works of art, and some are both at once. There is a running commentary of text that need not be read with seriousness. The print and paper are good, the binding gay (not to say gaudy), and the whole forms a gift-book which to those who like that sort of thing will be just what they like. Both these books are in two volumes.

So long as birds build nests will the thoughts of young married people in the cities turn to the making of country homes. This truth has been appreciated by Mr. J. P. Mowbray, who, under the title 'The Making of a Country Home' (Doubleday, Page & Co.), draws a pretty picture of an adventure of this kind. He declares that the story is the record of an ordinary man's successful efforts, and there is no doubt concerning the possibility of success under the conditions here given. At all events, Mr. Mowbray's story is probable, and told so agreeably as to justify his hope that it may "encourage and stimulate other ordinary men who have the capacity to long for a home."

The arrangement of Mr. H. W. Huntington's 'The Show Dog' (Providence, R. I.: Remington Printing Co.) is simple and excellent, the dogs being described in their alphabetical sequence, beginning with the Airedale terrier, the biggest and certainly not far from the least desirable of its kind, and ending with the Yorkshire terrier. There is a good illustration (and often more than one) of every breed of dog described. The text begins with the origin and uses of each breed, followed by the "standard" and "scale of points adopted by the specialty club of that particular breed," concluding with the "Comments," which give the general information of use to the large body of mankind that takes no particular interest in "show dogs." There is, apparently, no dog that is not treated in the work, and the numerous illustrations, which are all portraits, are very good, indeed. The last few pages contain excellent advice for the "treatment of the dog, in health and in sickness"—brief, sensible, and plain, and applicable alike to the highest bred and most useless toy terrier and the cur of low degree.

'A Synopsis of the Mammals of North America and the Adjacent Seas,' by Daniel Giraud Elliot (vol. ii. of the Zoölogical Series of Publications of the Field Columbian Museum), an illustrated octavo of 471 pages, is a work of much interest for the mammalogist. Its text is entirely descriptive and technical; the illustrations are mostly of skulls and dentition. The volume is intended only for the expert, makes no attempt to bring up the synonymy, and contains nothing of popular interest. Absence of keys to the subdivisions of the mammalia makes it less available for those not well versed in the subject. Excepting minor errors, like Didpodomys for Dipodomys, Nycticejus for Nycticeius, and Stynegeri for Stejnegeri, the book makes a very good appearance.

A stupendous mass of discoveries are made yearly in higher mathematics; but, for the most part, they may be wholly neglected, as far as any treatment of practical problems is concerned. This does not seem to be the case with Hilbert's new substitute for the calculus of variations, the application of which to simple problems of integral maxima and minima is explained in Dr. Charles A. Noble's Göttingen doctoral dissertation, entitled 'Eine Neue Methode in der Variationsrechnung,' to which it seems worth while to draw attention.

In the *National Geographic Magazine* for November is a suggestive study of the sex, nativity, and color of our people, illustrated by diagrams. There are numerous geographical notes, including two on Alaskan names—Kodiak, as the Geographic Board now spells it, and Cape Nome, which is simply a draughtsman's interpretation of the marks ("? Name") put against the

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cape on the original manuscript chart made on the Franklin rescue-ship H. M. frigate *Herald* in 1845-'51.

The *Geographical Journal* for November contains an account of a journey in Oman in southeastern Arabia, which is interesting as showing the natural capacity of the people, especially in their admirable mountain roads and hanging gardens irrigated by artificial underground water-courses. A certain strength of character is also indicated by the fact that a feud exists between two tribes which had its origin in a horse race in 562 A. D. The name Green Mountain, which its now barren range bears, makes it probable that deforestation in ancient times has desolated the larger part of the region. Mr. Archibald Little describes a voyage in flood-time through the four great gorges of the Upper Yang-tse. Its most curious incident was the passing over the site of a manufacturing city "which is annually submerged each summer and again annually reconstructed each winter as the water subsides." He mentions also seeing a Government steamer which was carrying munitions of war from Shanghai to Chêngtu, and adds—"of which a continuous stream, including machine-guns, has been flowing west for two years past." Other articles are upon the British Association's geographical sessions, and Mr. Dickson's paper on the mean temperature of the atmosphere and the causes of glacial periods. In a note on progress in Rhodesia, it is stated that 2,734 miles of roads have been constructed.

While Germany is still timidly experimenting with the admission of girls to the secondary schools that open the way to the universities, and, of the twenty-five States that compose the empire, only three —namely, Oldenburg, Baden, and very recently Würtemberg—have introduced co-education in institutions, Sweden is already celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the successful inauguration of this innovation. The famous Palmgren Gymnasium in Stockholm was founded in 1876 by Dr. Palmgren for the very purpose of demonstrating that boys and girls can be successfully educated together in the secondary schools; it has become the model for many others in Sweden, Norway, and Finland. It is a complete classical Gymnasium, a semi-classical Realgymnasium, and a scientific Oberrealschule. The attendance averages 200, about equally divided as to sex, in ages from six to twenty years. Not only are boys and girls taught in the same class, but they are seated together. The total teaching force is seventy-five, of whom half are women; the latter teaching in the higher as well as in the lower classes. Originally founded as a private undertaking, the school has gradually won the approval of the authorities, and in recent years has received some $2,000 annually from the state. The quarter-centennial of this, the first co-educational secondary school in Europe, has attracted the general attention of European educational circles.

By a slip of the pen last week, we attributed otherwise than to Macmillan, for this market, the pretty Dent edition of Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair.'

—The Life of Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick, in the "Saintly Lives" Series (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.), affords an instructive, if not entertaining, glimpse of family life in the seventeenth century. As one of the fifteen children of Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, Mary Boyle, before her marriage with Charles Rich, passed her early girlhood in Ireland on Lord Cork's estate at Youghal. There, too, was born her brother, Robert Boyle, the most illustrious of the clan, closely associated with the founding of the Royal Society. Of him we hear too little in this memoir. The Boyles were a scattered family, and their alliances and fortunes are a bewildering piece of history. When Charles Rich succeeded to the Earldom of Warwick, the saintly life as practised by his wife was well begun. It is a most sober record, this life of a wealthy countess in the gay reigns of Charles the First and Second. The episode of the Protectorate did not affect the fortunes of the Warwicks, whose sympathies were on the whole Puritan. They lived a well-ordered, peaceful existence at their beautiful house, Leighs Priory in Essex, and the surprising lack of incident in this volume proves how happy they were in standing aside from the making of the troublous history of the times. The Riches have died out, and Leighs Priory is a ruin; the great estates of those earlier Warwicks who had no stake in the Midlands having been divided and dissipated. The tale of their fortunes does not make exciting reading, but the antiquarian and historian of the seventeenth century might do worse than glance through these pages. Pious and eminently worthy of esteem as was Mary Rich, it is her father Lord Cork's figure that gives force and value to the earlier chapters of the book, which fall off in interest when Mary usurps the foreground.

—Persons who are in the way of writing French will find the 'Concise French Grammar' of Mr. Arthur H. Wall (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde) convenient, owing to its embodying the effect of the *Arrêté* of July 31, 1900, so that, for example, they not only must, as formerly, write, "Cette dame est *toute* gracieuse," but *may* write, "Cette dame est *toute* aimable." We do not think, by the way, that the permission to write "Ces dames sont *toutes* aimables" for "Ces dames sont *tout* aimables" will be felt to be an advantage by anybody; but some of the old rules were certainly intolerably senseless. We observe that Mr. Wall says that "neither rules nor explanations are of much practical value" in guiding us to the preposition that ought to accompany an infinitive following a verb. That, perhaps, depends upon how much "much" means. We are certainly dominated in the matter by psychological principles of association which to a certain extent follow formulas. No rule can be given which will dispense with the necessity of learning the construction of each verb along with its signification. To trust to any rule would be much like trusting to the English or Latin for the precise import of the word. But as nobody would deny that the recollection of the Latin meaning does help us to remember the meaning of a corresponding French or English word, so rules can be given which will aid very much in retaining the French construction, even when it is exceptional. Without doubt, subconscious rules there are in the minds of people who talk French, sometimes without their being able to say two minutes later what preposition they had employed. The little volume of two hundred and fifty pages well deserves recommendation, and is wholly free from the nonsense that fills the pages of Girault-Duvivier and even Bescherelles—nonsense not without its utility, however.

—The sixteenth number of Cornell Studies in Classical Philology ('The Epigraphical Evidence for the Reigns of Vespasian and Titus'), by Homer Curtis Newton (Macmillan), differs from other publications in this series in that they are devoted mainly to questions of a philological character. The author has gathered more than three hundred and fifty inscriptions, which he has arranged under twenty-eight different headings—as satisfactory a classification as we have a right to expect in view of the diverse character of the material employed. The basis of selection is chronological. Twenty-nine inscriptions refer to the censorship; twenty-two to the Jewish War; thirty-seven are from mile-stones and bridges; twenty relate to the erection of buildings. There are seven military diplomas which grant privileges of marriage and citizenship, and two state letters of the Emperor Vespasian. All these vary in length and in importance, from the text of the inscription of the College of the Arval Brotherhood and the famous *Lex de Imperio* to the few words of trifling value on a tombstone or wall inscription. The various classes are accompanied by brief explanatory statements; and although there are abundant footnotes, there is no attempt at writing a commentary, or indicating what special value each inscription has in the study of the history of the period. The text is printed in ordinary type, but the abbreviations are not regularly filled out, and in consequence the Latin can be read only by one familiar with epigraphic symbols. The most impressive lesson of this excellent thesis is that epigraphy holds an important place in the study of the history of Rome, inasmuch as it is seen to correct generally accepted theories, to determine with certainty many disputed points, and to supplement the knowledge we already possess by adding innumerable facts which can be obtained from no other source.

—When the dream-day of the Americanist comes true, and university students abandon the study of Assyrian cuneiforms in order to listen to the professors who will expound the meaning of the more picturesque Mexican hieroglyphics, there will be a place high in the list of American patrons of learning for the name of Joseph Florimond, Duke of Loubat. It is not easy to estimate fairly the value of services rendered, as his have been, to a branch of learning which has as yet attracted the attention of very few students whose work is recognized as worthy by other scholars. There have been more than enough of imaginative lovers of the curious and the uncertain who have printed books about American antiquities, and who enjoy the distinction of ventilating ideas which nobody can contravene. The subject, nevertheless, remains worthy of investigation, despite the character of those whose pseudo-scholarship has made it a by-word. Whatever the significance of the puzzling picture-writings of Central America may be, so long as their meaning is not known, American scholarship, which has contributed so freely to the solution of the prob-

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lems of the older world, will not have done its duty to its own. It is, indeed, less than ten years since the materials for definite and satisfactory study of the earliest American records have begun to be accessible to students in America. Of the pre-Columbian codices, all but one have now, however, been reproduced by chromo-photography, and, with a single exception, this has been done entirely at the expense of the Duke of Loubat, who has carefully placed his facsimiles in all the larger libraries. The next step is to find out what these eight or nine picture-books mean. A beginning has already been made, and it may confidently be stated that a few well-established facts have taken the place of the guesses and suggestions of a decade ago. Dr. Seler of Berlin, who occupies the chair of American linguistics, ethnography and antiquities, endowed by the Duke of Loubat, has succeeded in showing how these documents should, in all probability, be read, and he has demonstrated the general character of their contents. His detailed analysis of the Aubin Tonalamatl, or 'Book of Good and Evil Days,' published in 1900 as an introduction to the Loubat facsimile of that document, brought the discussion of these problems forward to a point where the main principles of their interpretation may be considered as well established. He is now at work upon a similar examination of the Codex Fejérváry-Mayer in the Liverpool Public Museums, the reproduction of which completes the facsimiles issued by the Duke, until such time as he can arrange with the Vienna Hofbibliothek for the use of the Codex preserved there, the only one not accessible in exact modern facsimile. Dr. Seler is slowly establishing the exact meaning, as well as something of the connotation, of the separate symbols. Each new point means additional light upon the underlying significance of the whole, and this in turn gives the investigator a better appreciation of the habits of thought, the ways and the customs of the American peoples who evolved these most puzzling of human documents.

—By the sudden death of Bernhard Getz, the Attorney-General of Norway, on the 1st of November, not only his own country loses one of its foremost sons, but Europe one of its leading contemporaneous jurists. His name will for ever be linked with the reintroduction of the system of trial by jury into Norway, for during the union with Denmark the old talesmen system was entirely obliterated and a bureaucratic system, with judges (appointed by the King) dispensing law both *in jure* and *in judicio*, replaced it, and it took many years of severe political fighting to bring about the establishment of trial by jury in criminal matters. Getz was the chief author of the jury law, and, by allowing himself to be transferred from the University, where he had since his twenty-sixth year been teaching law, and had been engaged in scientific labors of the highest merit in the field of criminal and civil law, he assumed charge of putting the new system in force. Nothing could more clearly prove his high standing in the estimation of his countrymen than the fact that, although belonging to the Conservative party, he was thus chosen to superintend the introduction of a reform which the Liberal party had for years been striving for. Trial by jury once firmly established, Getz was relieved of his duties in connection with it in order to devote his time and efforts exclusively to preparing new laws, more especially a criminal code, which is expected to be shortly approved by the Storthing, and a code of civil procedure, which as yet exists only in a draft. The former of these works, which not only embodies what is best in the criminal legislation of other countries, but also advances new and original ideas, places the Norwegian penal legislation in the front rank of the world's present development in that line. Besides these signal achievements, Getz was the prime mover in a great variety of criminal reforms in his native country; and this has influenced legislation both in the other Scandinavian countries and in Europe at large. He combined with scientific acumen and a judicial mind a noble character, and a sense of fairness often thought to be incompatible with the highest justice. He was a man of wide interests, and was a member of the committee appointed by the Norwegian Storthing which will shortly award the Nobel peace prize.

SCUDDER'S LOWELL.

James Russell Lowell: A Biography. By Horace Elisha Scudder. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

In advance of Mr. Scudder's biography it seemed hardly possible that he could make a life of Lowell so interesting and important as the book he has produced. For the very reason that Lowell's Letters as edited by Mr. Norton were so good, it seemed that, without drawing largely upon them (which presumably Mr. Scudder would not do), his book must suffer in comparison with Mr. Norton's. That it does so from one point of view is not to be denied. It does not give us another instalment of the same kind of pleasure. But it was not to be expected that it would. It does, however, give abundant pleasure of another kind. It is an excellent biography. As such, it adds a considerable number to the letters published in Mr. Norton's volumes—many of them as good as any published there; some causing us to wonder much why Mr. Norton left them out. Here and there we have parts of the Norton letters which Mr. Norton omitted, and which sometimes impress us as the best wool of the sheep. In general, Mr. Scudder does not so much appear to be gleaning after Mr. Norton as to be reaping new though narrower fields. But he has availed himself of many sources besides Lowell's Letters. Of these the most important are Lowell's published works, with an occasional foray, never once reprehensible, on the unpublished things.

To a large extent Mr. Scudder's biography is an intelligent comment upon these, while, by keeping them continually in our mind, and often sending us back to them for a fresh impression, he assures us a volume of enjoyment that is extremely full and rich. Incidentally we have Lowell's writings related to the changes and vicissitudes of his life, and primarily we have the course of that life and the attendant spiritual growth—if "development" would not be a more proper and less question-begging word. It is important to observe that Mr. Scudder's sympathies go out somewhat more cordially to the later and more conservative temper of Lowell's mind than to the earlier and more radical, but in the main he makes himself remarkably translucent to the poet's personality and thought.

Our confidence in the dominance of hereditary traits has had its ups and downs since Buckle's flouting of it, but there was a good deal in Lowell's ancestry to prepare for him the sources of his various powers. The poet part was prophesied by his mother's love of ballads and old songs, and by strains of blood that came down from Orkney Islanders, with their salt wind to savor it. There are hints of possible connections with Sir Patrick Spens, whose distinction ballad-wise is of the best; and Minna Troil, who walks the pages of Scott's 'Pirate' like a thing of life. Had there been any truth in the charge of Anglomania brought against Lowell in his latest years, the disease would clearly have been inherited from his grandmother Spence, who remained a Tory till her death, and on every Independence Day put on black, fasted, and lamented "our late unhappy differences with his most gracious Majesty."

The child's paternity of his manhood in Lowell's case was not remarkable, or the evidences of it were not treasured up for Mr. Scudder's use. The impression of his college life is even less favorable than heretofore. He read and wrote poetry to a degree that made the direction of his talent sufficiently plain; but his conceit of his acquirements and abilities was insufferable, and so, too, his habit of summoning his friends to share the ardor of his self-appreciation. It was a doubtful venture for him when his parents went abroad during his last year in college and left him to shift very much for himself. His father proposed a sliding scale of cash rewards for his fidelity and success in his studies, but he was not to be taken in so base a snare. His rustication shortly before the end of his college course was the penalty for gross neglect of his college duties, culminating in a too conspicuous gayety at college prayers over his election as class poet, which had just taken place. This prevented his reading the poem on class day, and into the printed form he introduced a condemnatory passage on Emerson's Divinity School address. The offence was greater because, while rusticating at Concord, he enjoyed Emerson's hospitality. Worst of all was the letter he wrote to Emerson to justify himself. He deserved that "impulse from a vernal wood" of which he wrote so feelingly in his later years. Of course, we must remember that the Emerson of 1838 was not quite the Emerson whom we revere. Mr. Scudder reminds us that "in 1838 Emerson had published little." But he had published 'Nature,' the Phi Beta address of 1837, and the Divinity School address—three things which he did not at any time surpass. In due time Lowell wrote in glowing praise of the Phi Beta oration: "What crowded and breathless aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what grim silence of foregone dissent." But it now looks as if we had here an emotion manufactured in tranquillity. We miss the current notion, which we had supposed a sound one, that Lowell's Concord tutor, the Rev. Barzillai Frost, sat for the

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portrait of Parson Wilbur in the 'Biglow Papers.'

The year following Lowell's Concord penance was one of vacillation; the ministry and the law attracted him by turns, while his literary passion made him about equally indifferent to both. But Mr. Scudder admits us to the deeper meanings of an agitation which began in 1837, and lasted for two years. In his junior year "Lowell had met and had fallen fiercely in love with a beautiful girl," and his enforced separation from her drove him to wild and suicidal thoughts, and broke up his mind into a cross-sea of warring purposes, making a toy and well-nigh a ruin of his will. After the false dawn came the true—his love for Maria White—which began in 1840, and, until her death, in 1853, was the most potent inspiration of his life. It is impossible to overrate the influence of this lovely woman upon Lowell. Their engagement was an idyll in which "the Band"—a circle of admiring friends—took joyous part; their marriage, with its small and great vicissitudes, was one of perfect sympathy, yet made so by the sweet compulsion of the wife, whose thoughts and aspirations and ideals became the husband's by a kind of fond adoption, not quite his very own.

Mr. Scudder's ample chapter, "In the Anti-Slavery Ranks" (following one on "First Ventures," which abounds in the peculiar charm of such ventures), is a suggestive comment on this aspect of Lowell's life. His sympathy with Lowell's anti-slavery works and ways does not bring him quite to Lowell's feeling of their "infinite satisfactions." He is even a little jealous of their distraction of the poet from "his own noble calling." But the fact would seem to be that Lowell's anti-slavery zeal, inspired by Maria White, not only saved him from going hopelessly wrong on the main question of his time, but made the poet in him more than he would otherwise have been; the operation in this case being partly matched in Whittier's. It is not only that the 'Biglow Papers' were the best product of the younger, as the second series of them and the Commemoration Ode of the older, man, but that they stirred a nature, not readily self-stirred, to an activity which did not stop with the immediate end. Lowell's feeling for Garrison was one of exalted admiration, finding its best expression in the poem—

"In a small chamber, friendless and unseen."

The incident which occasioned this poem was fruitful of another couched in more humorous form, for Mr. Scudder's reproduction of which we are truly thankful. His disposition to save that which was lost has other good examples, but Lowell's "Infant Prodigy" of our later politics, which might well have been one of them, is not. It is interesting to find Lowell placing Garrison's name at the head of his list of gift-copies of his 'Conversations with the Poets.' But, as time went on there was clearly some detachment—less from Garrison than from the methods of his work—until, in the later fifties, we find Lowell thoroughly political in his anti-slavery ideals, and tolerably complacent with the baser elements that were coming in to swell the tide of the Republican vote; in like manner with Emerson, who said, "We must fetch the pump with dirty water if clean cannot be had."

The 'Fable for Critics' and the 'Biglow Papers' have a chapter to themselves, in no wise disappointing, except for those who crave one more discussion of the New England dialect, from which Mr. Scudder has judiciously refrained. It was a piece of singular good fortune for the abolitionists that Hosea got the laugh, which had been at their expense, debited to their pro-slavery opponents. The 'Biglow Papers' did something to obscure the 'Fable' in popular estimation, and 'Sir Launfal' was a rival to them both. Mr. Scudder notes "the subterranean passage connecting the 'Biglow Papers' with 'Sir Launfal' "—"the holy zeal which attacks slavery issuing in this fable of a beautiful charity." No one will charge Mr. Scudder with overrating the 'Fable.' But he is able to fortify his own with Lowell's opinion of its transient quality as a spurt of intellectual effervescence. Very pathetic were Lowell's hopes of its financial proceeds, of which his friend Charles F. Briggs was to be sole beneficiary. "It is to be feared," says Mr. Scudder, "that Mr. Briggs's golden eggs were addled." But why not state the simple fact that the net gains were melted down into a little silver plate, which Mr. Briggs's daughter now cherishes as of priceless worth?

The ravelled sleave of Lowell's lesser literary cares, together with his personal sorrows and anxieties, is knit up in a chapter on the "Six Years" from 1845 to 1851. We next have "Fifteen Months in Europe"; the return voyage with Thackeray and Clough for shipmates their most genial incident. Mr. Scudder calls his next chapter "An End and a Beginning," and the title is extremely apt. The end was of the first Lowell, spontaneous, eager, productive, passionately enlisted in the century's greatest and most unpopular reform; the beginning was that of the second Lowell, perhaps a wiser, certainly a sadder man, far less spontaneous and exuberant, much more conservative, and remote from common, homely ways. There was cause enough for the sadness. In 1853 he had already lost three of four children, and in that year the Alpine shepherdess went seeking for her missing lambs. Perhaps the temperamental change in Lowell was mainly to his maturity from his early prime; but the loss of the wife's influence was more significant. In due time he rebuilt his family altar, and the second wife was worthy of her place as his co-minister thereat, though one defect of her sympathy was tragical: she did not enjoy Lowell's humor! The second series of 'Biglow Papers' was written under the interdict of her disapprobation.

There was for Lowell a region of thick darkness bordering on the death of his first wife. To learn how his invention failed, we need only turn to the appendix and compare with 1848, his *annus mirabilis*, the slim product of the years 1851-1858. Meantime, the Harvard professorship was taken up and pursued with faithful devotion to its appropriate tasks. Always needing the spur of an external stimulant, the intellectual life of Lowell owed much to the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *North American*, and, passing from small things to great, the Civil War. Here was pressure for a naturally sluggish will, strenuous when once aroused; here was the conversion of what might otherwise have been his "drowsy days" to days of splendid and efficient intellectual activity. He became a great political essayist, economizing so the apprenticeship which he had served on the *Anti-Slavery Standard*. The prose writer gained steadily upon the poet, and the gain was in the direction of a less poetic prose, with less of that coruscation which dazzled the reader more than it illuminated for him the writer's thought. His first political writing in the *Atlantic* was a postscript to an excellent but very quiet article by Parke Godwin, without any note of warning. The discriminating reader must have wondered what had happened to the essayist, and have surmised the intervention of a bottle of champagne or a brisk morning walk. Lowell's growing appreciation of Lincoln is an important trait. A good many will be grieved to learn that the great Lincoln passage in the "Commemoration Ode" was not a part of it when it was first read by its author, but was written subsequently. The "Ode" was the product of a certain fury of obsession, under the stress of which the most of it was written in one day, 523 lines in six hours. 'The Cathedral' marks another episode, on which we would gladly have had some more elaborate comment.

There are many aspects of Mr. Scudder's serious and satisfying work that cannot be alluded to within the limits of our present space. Among these are the poet's growing sense that "there is something magnificent in having a country to love," showing itself increasingly in his contempt for those who dragged her garlands in the mire; the Spanish and English missions, less important as we see them in this large perspective than they seemed to Lowell at the time. It is amusing to find how fully he was sympathizing with the Irishmen when they were pelting him with coarse abuse; how touchy he was to any slighting word about America when he was being charged with Anglican preoccupation; and how securely one who had so long skirted the coasts of Bohemia, steered his adventurous craft through that Philistia which abounds in dangerous reefs and shoals. The final impression is that Lowell's personality was remarkably subtle and elusive and complex; that between his temperament and his conscience there was much opposition; and that he most deserves our praise because he subjected the former to the latter in an heroic manner and to a significant degree, while still it was the temperament, not simple, but sensuous and impassioned, which assured us the poet, and assures now the afterglow of a perennial satisfaction and delight.

RECENT NOVELS.

The Tory Lover. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

The Battle Invisible. By Eleanor C. Reed. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1901.

A Friend with the Countersign. By B. K. Benson. Macmillan. 1901.

The Ruling Passion: Tales of Nature and Human Nature. By Henry van Dyke. With illustrations by W. Appleton Clark. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

A Man of Millions. By S. R. Keightley. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1901.

The Benefactress. By the author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden.' The Macmillan Co. 1901.

It must be a mortal temptation to the veteran in other fields who beholds the country houses of the writers of the American historical novel, to take a hand and

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prove that he, too, can play that fashionable game. One's *amour propre*, hardly less than one's pocket, is concerned in the competition. To such a temptation did Miss Jewett succumb when she wrote 'The Tory Lover,' which answers all the tests of that type of composition. The scene is Berwick, Me., in 1777. The heroine is a charming New England maiden of good lineage, set off by a background of spacious colonial mansion, lavish hospitality, and devoted retainers; her miniature, in the style of the period, adorns the front page. The hero, Roger Wallingford, is lucky in love and in nothing else. After passing through the conventional phase of unjust suspicion, imprisonment, and a visit to England, he is restored to his sweetheart by the sub-hero, in whom we encounter the historical personage essential for the local color. This is Paul Jones of the good ship *Ranger*, who, resourceful as D'Artagnan and unselfish as your genuine sub-hero, puts up with a career of glory without love, and helps his rival to Mary Hamilton's hand. "I could throw my hope of glory down at your feet now, if it were of any use," he cries; but a little later he meets the hero in distress. "'Thank God, I have it in my power to make you amends!' he exclaimed. 'God bless you, Wallingford! Wait here for me one moment, my dear fellow,' he said with affection and disappeared"—to send in the heroine. The figure of Paul Jones is drawn with spirit, and so is the voyage of the *Ranger*. There is a rather unsuccessful attempt at an historical mystery over an Irish colonist of remarkable learning and exquisite manners, whose name, it appears, is one to conjure with, though it is not confided to the reader. Miss Jewett's name is a guarantee of conscientious work, but we hope that her undoubted success in turning out a novel of the prevalent kind will not induce her to change her *genre*.

Miss Reed's short stories of New England life have a certain style of their own. They are not artistic triumphs in the short-story type, but they have pathos and humor and not too much dialect. They are slightly sentimental, as New England stories, when they are not sordid, are apt to be. The life that they depict is, as usual, of a narrowness that is terrifying. We have no doubt that such a sketch as that called "Patience and Prudence" is done to the life. "Transplanted" is a painful but convincing study of a selfish New England girl of the period, whose ambition is to graduate at a school and outdress her neighbors—an ambition to which she does not hesitate to sacrifice her mother's life.

'A Friend with the Countersign' is a story of the civil war, with the war features constituting the dominant element, and the indispensable love-making of the average novel subordinated to a somewhat perfunctory part. Like a former book by the same author, 'Who Goes There?' of which this is substantially a continuation, although having an independent interest apart from its forerunner, it deals with the career of a soldier who has a genius for obtaining information vital to his commander's plans of campaign, and whose bodily hazards and severe mental strain in the course of his ventures within the enemy's lines offer the materials of a stirring narrative which borders sometimes upon the sensational, though without transcending the bounds of probability. Indeed, the story has all the characteristics of a record of actual experiences, aside from a few especially dramatic occurrences and eccentric personages; and the particulars of campaigns in Virginia in the period of Meade's headship of the army are presented with historical verisimilitude, as if they were transcripts from diaries and letters of men in the secret service. So there are little touches in illustration of peculiarities of manner and temper of Union generals with which army traditions are familiar, even though grave history omits notice of them. In view of the odium which has been brought upon the spy service by its often worthless statistical information, especially in the first period of the war, it is well that recognition should be given in literature to the genuine importance of the sacrifices of the rank and file of scouts, whose work was too obscure and confidential to be known by the world. 'A Friend with the Countersign,' by its simplicity and restraint and its many effective pictures of the battle line from the standpoint of the man in the ranks, makes a good beginning in this direction.

Dr. van Dyke's preface explains the scheme of his book, which, in short stories and through characters "chosen for the most part among plain people, because their feelings are expressed with fewer words and greater truth," tells about some of the "ruling passions" of life. The chief of these passions Dr. van Dyke says is romantic love, "Nature's masterpiece of beneficent selfishness"; but others play important parts, and guide and control the lives of men and women. Each story has for its basis the development, and influence on the lives of its possessor and others, of one of these overmastering elements of humanity. While it is often love that inspires the doings of the characters drawn by Dr. van Dyke, some of the stories end in happy nuptials, which are directly due to the possession and exercise by the hero or heroine of the qualities of truth, steadfastness, and courage. The scenes of most are laid in Canada, and in perhaps the strongest one, "A Lover of Music," the hero is a Canadian who has fled to the Adirondack woods, thinking he had killed a fellow-workman. "The Reward of Virtue" tells how one Patrick Mullarkey, who, "from the turned-up toes of his 'bottes sauvages' to the ends of his black moustache," was a Canadian Frenchman, was recompensed for giving up the use of tobacco. The abandonment of this vice was brought about by one "demoiselle Meelair," who was being guided by Patrick, and who began her work by telling him, when she observed him smoking, "that tobacco was a filthy weed, that it grew in the devil's garden, that it smelled bad, terribly bad, and that it made the air sick, and that even the pig would not eat it." This and more of the same kind not influencing Patrick, the next day "Mees Meelair" came to him as he was smoking his pipe after lunch, and thus spoke: "Patrique, my man, do you comprehend that the tobacco is a poison? You are committing the murder of yourself. Then she tells me many things—about the nicoline, I think she calls him, how he goes into the blood and into the bones, and how quickly he will kill the cat, and she says very strong, 'The man who smokes the tobacco shall die.'" The third day "Mees Meelair" brought forward other ineffectual arguments; but on the fourth—her text being, "The tobacco causes the poverty"—she showed Patrick that if he stopped smoking long enough, the money thereby saved and the interest thereon would amount to an enormous sum, and make it feasible for Patrick and his wife to accomplish the ambition of their lives by visiting Quebec, seeing the grand city and the shops, and going to the "asylum of the orphans to seek one of the little found children to bring home with us to be our own; for M'sieu knows it is the sadness of our house that we have no child." So Patrick stopped smoking and at once became the victim of a series of misfortunes, culminating in the destruction of his house and his money by fire. Seated with his wife by the ruins of his home, Patrick sought and found consolation in the resumption of smoking, and his reward came a year later when Angélique presented him with twins.

"A Friend of Justice" is the story of a dog, pathetic, and with a verisimilitude as strong as the narrative is fascinating to those who know of the hard summers and harder winters and lives of the dwellers on the bleak north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. To admire Dr. van Dyke's descriptions of nature and of wild animal life it is not necessary for the reader to be ignorant of the places described, or of the habits and natures of their native inhabitants. He never tries to tell about things of which he has a partial knowledge or none, and his statements, especially those concerning trees, flowers, birds, and animals of the countries whereof he writes, will stand the test of expert criticism. All of this accurate knowledge is conveyed in the language and with the indescribable feeling that so few possess the power of using. The concluding story, "The Keeper of the Light," is a beautiful one, and an appropriate ending to a volume which is fully up to the high standard reached by the preceding works of Dr. van Dyke.

The 'Man of Millions' is distinctly a readable book. In the first place, it is well written, though by no means equally well printed. In the second place, the plot and characters are not without considerable interest. The hero, it is true, is a somewhat unconvincing compound of the Returning Prodigal and Monte Cristo. As the former, he melts into repentance under a few months' fire from the eyes of the heroine, a really charming young woman. As the latter, he has wealth untold, and enemies to punish, but meets his match in Ah Sin, who, being a Heathen Chinee, is more readily credited by the reader with the diabolical cruelty necessary to the plot. The other villains are old and tried friends in fiction, and scarcely require comment. The boy who saves the situation is rather an obnoxious person, and the reader resents his not having been long ago sent to a public school, as befits an English boy of fifteen. His league of blood is an echo of 'Tom Sawyer,' his fight of 'Tom Brown.' Yet the description of his rescuing the hero from the jaws of death is breathlessly thrilling. Very good, too, in their way, are the two scenes where the typical stage curate, who is "a man for a' that," proposes to the heroine, and where he roundly rebukes the hero. There is humor in the

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account of the coroner, and real pathos, if not of a very novel order, in the secondary heroine's renunciation of the much-loved Percival. Scattered throughout the book are some clever epigrams, *e. g.*, "Friendship is the child of strong emotions"; "Marriage is sometimes the final testament of acquiescent despair"; "Love forms a small part of our lives; it makes a tremendous part of our literature."

"Elizabeth" has exchanged her name for that of Anna, and her "German Garden" for a German forest. At the opening 'The Benefactress' introduces us to the same enthusiastic sunny heroine as in the three preceding books, with the same delight in nature, the same sense of humor, the same incongruity in her German surroundings. and, above all, the same idea that Happiness and Duty are identical. The opening is by far the most attractive part. When Anna realized that "that was what one needed most, of all the gifts of the gods—not happiness—oh, foolish, childish dream! how could there be happiness so long as men were wicked?—but courage," she may have become a finer character, but she ceased to be the old Anna-Elizabeth. Whatever one may think of the moral clearly set forth on the front page in the motto, "One [*i. e.*, woman] needs guidance and the companionship of man," there is no doubt that to enforce any moral at all is quite a new development on the part of our author. Elizabeth existed beautifully, adored by her Man of Wrath and her three babies; her example was about as instructive as that of a butterfly. Anna, it is true, had from the first more unselfish yearnings. Yet nothing in the delicious humor of the opening chapters prepares us for the strenuous Spartan maiden of the close. The beginning is pure comedy, sometimes even farce; the end is tragedy or, at best, a Reconciliation-Play. The English sister-in-law, who disappears after the seventh chapter, is inimitable, perhaps next to the old parson the best character in the book. The German local color in the early descriptions is laid on with an unsparing hand by a keenly humorous artist; whether Germans would admit its truth is another question. The main idea of the home for distressed ladies is at first laid before the reader as a huge joke. It is not till the plan is actually in working that the author and reader come round to the serious and cynical views held by Axel, the unimpeachable hero. With a certain amount of impatience we realize, half way through the book, that Anna's scheme is foredoomed to failure, because the watchword, "Marriage above everything." must be proclaimed. Uncle Joachim voiced it at the beginning; the whole plot vociferates it loudly before the end. We lay the book down and cry out, Ichabod. We have gained a new "Tendenz" novelist, but we have lost the light-hearted Elizabeth, and the glory of the German garden is departed.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.—II.

Mr. Oliver Herford's 'More Animals' (Scribners) proves that this humorist can not only invent a *genre*, but maintain it. Drawings and rhymes may even be thought to surpass the first series, and it is again hard to choose which is best. Mr. Herford's subtle playing to the adult gallery hardly diminishes the attractiveness of this book for children, who will readily listen to the reading of it in the twilight hour, and feel a fascination in its overmeanings. There is the Frog who "shows with each gymnastic spasm The convert's fresh enthusiasm"; the Camel, whose great girth mercifully forbids him to crawl through the needle's eye, else "Rich men might climb the golden stairs And so leave nothing to their heirs"; and, as for the maligned man-eater, if a list could only be made of those he might feed on, "No home, I'll venture to remark, Would be complete without a shark."

'Neighbors of Field, Wood, and Stream,' by Morton Grinnell (Frederick A. Stokes Co.), seeks to make natural history interesting to young readers by personifying animals, and letting them act out or relate in conversations their own life-histories. The author is a sportsman; consequently his best chapters are those about game animals—such, for instance, as the experience of Sora the Rail in the tide marsh where gunners are making big bags, and the exciting hunts of Rex the Setter, who tells how the delicious scent of the quail throws him into a nervous tremor, and roots him to the ground until his master comes near enough to get a shot. Outside the sportsman's province, however, Mr. Grinnell appears less at home. A book that aims to give instruction in zoölogy ought not to contain such mistakes as the statements that the raccoon cannot swim, that the house-wren's "clutch" of eggs numbers twenty, and that the toad is a reptile. In attempting, moreover, both to instruct and to entertain, he often steers a middle course between fact and fancy, losing the accuracy of one and the charm of the other. He associates the animals in unnatural groups, and makes them say and do things incongruous and even absurd. Imagine a bluejay's calling a chickadee a "black-headed bacillus." He cumbers his pages with moral lessons, many of which are unwarranted by the facts of biology, and some of which are distressingly labored; as where the tanager whose nest has been blown down comments on the gayety of an unsympathizing neighbor in the words, "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone." Though the book contains a good deal of information about animals, it appears to be largely a compilation, and, like the subjects of some of its illustrations, is poorly stuffed.

A gay cover, bright-gold edges, plenty of Robinson pictures, and some of them colored, with a handful of the well-seasoned old stories, Andersen, Grimm, and Arabian Nights—in short, 'The Reign of King Cole,' by J. M. Gibbon (London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan)—what more could a child wish for in a holiday book? To be sure, he must come to it fresh and unsophisticated, for that *enfant terrible*, the knowing child, might think it a grievance to find the identical old stories in his new book.

The observation that there is nothing new under the sun is more tiresomely true of fairy stories than of anything else; yet Mr. Andrew Lang finds the means to provide each year a book skilfully seasoned with enough of novelty to give the well-known themes fresh zest. His many-colored volumes are now so widely appreciated that one needs to say no more of this year's 'Violet Fairy Book' (Longmans) than that it is a worthy companion to the others. Many of its tales come from the still secluded countries of eastern Europe—that home of story and song; and all, it is easy to see, owe much of their charm to the taste with which they are retold.

'The Punishment of the Stingy' (Harpers) is the title of a group of Indian stories by George Bird Grinnell, who has lived among several Western tribes, and attempts to tell their mythical tales exactly as they have been passed along from father to son for generations. It is hard to believe that Mr. Grinnell's translation has not given a smoother literary form to some of the stories; but in others, again, the terse and somewhat broken style is convincingly Indian. The thorough originality of these stories will please young people who have grown tired of every-day fairy tales; while, in reading, they cannot fail to learn something of the primitive life of tribes whose ways are so remote from ours.

'A Real Queen's Fairy Tales,' by Carmen Sylva (Chicago: Davis & Co.), are really less fairy tales than charming little essays for children put into story form. Carmen Sylva herself is not hard to recognize in "The Helpful Queen," and who so like as she to that delightful fairy with the snow-white hair whose business was to make children happy? In short, without suffering loss of interest as stories, these tales bring to a child's comprehension much of the maturer philosophy of the good Queen, whose very attractive portrait, accompanied by a biographical sketch by George J. B. Davis, forms a fitting prelude to the book. It is a pity that a volume which carries so high-bred an air in essentials should be defaced by an "eye-splitting" cover, and ugly colored borders to the pictures.

'Round the World to Wympland,' by Evelyn Sharp (John Lane), is a collection of modern fairy-stories, old-fashioned in the sense of sparing that too obvious wit or moral which so often mars the latter-day tale. That the author refrains from smartness, and is content to use the serious tone approved by sensible children, is almost recommendation enough; but besides this she has the gift of imagination, and can make a story move right along. As for the "Wymps," they are merely rechristened elves or pyxies. The road to "Wympland" will hardly be found by reading this book, and all thoughts of further search had better be given up, since we are allowed to infer that naughtiness is the key to unlock the gate of that undiscovered country.

The 'Swedish Fairy Tales' of Anna Wahlenberg (McClurg) are also modern, and make use of brownies, goblins, etc., only for adornment and to point their morals. They are a little too ingenious to make the best impression on children. One of the five titles in the book, moreover, heads a sketch which has no trace of claim to be called a fairy tale.

A dozen fanciful yarns are wound together into 'Stories of Enchantment' by Jane Pentzer Myers (McClurg). Indian lore tinges two or three; others have a touch of negro mystery; one looks backward and sees a dim vision of old Egypt, while mediæval Ireland colors yet another. So there is no monotony of scene.

Br'er Rabbit finds his analogue in the

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wonderful hare of Mr. George Bateman's 'Zanzibar Tales' (McClurg). The lion and the hyena replace Br'er Fox and Br'er Wolf, but the two African stories are plainly the same, though one is told in Georgia and the other in Zanzibar. The roc of Arabian Nights fame and capable "Puss in Boots" have also their reminders among these tales. Indeed, the strong family resemblance they bear to other folk stories is the readiest assurance of their genuineness. For the rest, they are amusing and well told, and delightfully independent of any instructive purpose.

Much curious information is to be found in Mr. Cleveland Moffett's 'Careers of Danger and Daring' (The Century Co.). Tales of actual work done by real men are more thrilling than the exploits of Jack the Giant-Killer or any other hero of childish fiction, because the well-known conditions in which these feats are performed bring more vividly to one's imagination the very real risks encountered. Any child can look up at Trinity steeple and form a better notion of the difficulties to be met in climbing that dizzy height to regild the cross at its point, than of Jack's daring when he climbed his magic bean-stalk. And when one visits the menagerie and hears the lion roar, the tamer becomes a more wonderful man than the slayer of one of those giants whom none of us have ever seen. Indeed, the book, with its heaping up of perils in sea and air and mine, among burning buildings and vast machines, is too exciting for a nervous temperament, and should be taken in small doses, like poison, if it is not to bring bad dreams.

Just opposite, and rather to be chosen as a sedative, is 'Lem, a New England Village Boy,' by Noah Brooks (Scribners). One is tempted to use a certain old-wife's phrase, and sum up the book's character in two words—"dreadful ordinary." They would describe to a nicety the hero, his surroundings, and his adventures, as well as the style in which all this humdrum is narrated.

Mr. Tudor Jenks's 'Galopoff, the Talking Pony' (Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.), is a simple little story, which children will probably enjoy. Talking horses have been popular from the days of Homer down, and the smaller the steed, the more it appeals to the childish mind. This pony is a nice pony, and the children who own it are nice children, even though the illustrator has chosen to represent them as sadly overdressed little misses. For mild, innocuous interest the book may be safely recommended.

TOLSTOY AND HIS PROBLEMS.

Tolstoy and his Problems: Essays by Aylmer Maude. London: Grant Richards; New York: A. Wessels Co.

Of the making of books, with the ever-popular name of Tolstoy neatly tucked into the title, there seems to be no end. The present venture consists of nine articles, on subjects more or less connected with the famous Russian author. A page of notes following the title-page contains Count Tolstoy's favorable opinion on three of them; and in a preface the writer states the motive for his work by explaining that Tolstoy's views are difficult to understand and to reconcile with one another; that readers find it puzzling to discern from which side Tolstoy approaches his subject, or to make allowances for the "personal equation." Mr. Maude offers himself as the interpreter of Tolstoy's oracular utterances, and a guide to the devout wayfarer in the labyrinth. One of the articles has served as a lecture, and now appears in print for the first time; the other eight have previously appeared in various magazines, but have been revised for this volume. Mr. Maude himself is one of Count Tolstoy's most fervid "adepts"—fervid to the degree of seriously endeavoring to live the life which (as he frankly admits) Count Tolstoy advocates but does not pursue, and to the extent of pronouncing anathema and the greater excommunication (in all brotherly love) upon all persons who differ from him in his estimate of his "Master's" precepts, practice, and influence, as he understands them. Hence, the reader of this volume will feel that the best possible case is being made out for the Russian sage, and must accept Mr. Maude's admissions like the above—however unexpected—as thoroughly valid and incontrovertible.

The book opens with a biographical article on "Leo Tolstoy," accompanied by a judicious explanation of contemporaneous European history, and allusions to the Count's wife, her opinions, and views, which are illuminating as well as interesting. Mr. Maude describes how Tolstoy began to ask himself, "What is the meaning of my life?" and to read the sacred books of all ages and countries in search of an answer. Tolstoy, he says, "had always admired many passages in the Gospels, but had found much that perplexed him. He now reread them in the following way (the only way, he says, in which any books can be profitably studied): he first read them carefully through to see what they contained that was perfectly clear and simple, and that quite agreed with his own experience of life, and accorded with his reason and conscience." Mr. Maude proceeds to state and expound the "Five Commandments of Christ" which Tolstoy has deduced as the rule of life for himself and all men. A divine discontent with everything and everybody, including himself, would seem to be the keynote to Tolstoy, and nothing better illustrates it than the attitude which he is described as now assuming in regard to his splendid relief work among the peasants during the terrible famine of 1891-'92, conducted with money sent to him from America chiefly: "He felt that such activity of collecting and distributing money, 'making a pipe of one's self,' was not the best work of which he was capable. It did not satisfy him. It is not by what we get others to do for pay, but rather by what we do with our own brains, hearts, and muscles, that we can best serve God and man." Yet Count Tolstoy toiled with all his faculties, physical and intellectual and spiritual, for the famine-stricken, until he fell ill himself and had to be nursed by his wife; and unless he had been a divinity, with the power of being omnipresent and of producing miraculous food from heaven, it is difficult to see how he could have done any good at all without "making a pipe of himself" for foreign money.

The second article, "Talks with Tolstoy," is scrappy, not particularly new, important, or interesting. The following passage is, perhaps, the most significant, as illustrating his methods and confusion of thought, when one bears in mind that he exalts Christ and the Gospels as the rule of life: "He had one day been reading a book by a learned German professor tending to show that, as an historical personage, Jesus Christ never existed. This delighted Tolstoy. 'They are attacking the last outworks,' said he, 'and if they carry it, and demonstrate that Christ was never born, it will be all the more evident that the fortress of religion is impregnable."

We may pass lightly over the chapter: "What is Art?" which served as a preface to an English version of that work. It is amusing to find the disciple assuming that his Master is, practically, incomprehensible, and explaining him at immense length. In fact, he makes a very just statement (p. 99), as to Tolstoy's careless and obscure style, and mentions, as a good illustration, 'Life.' He refers again to this work, on pp. 103, 139, and on the last-mentioned page says of it (he has already made the same accusation at length and with more detail elsewhere): "An American version of one of Tolstoy's philosophical works repeatedly converts the Russian double negative into an English affirmative, thus making Tolstoy affirm precisely what he wishes to deny." It is worth while to remark of this criticism, that the translation in question was made directly from a manuscript furnished by Count Tolstoy, and, at his request, submitted to a noted Russian philosopher, a friend of his, who perfectly understood both English and Tolstoy's views, in order that the latter might see whether the author's ideas had been correctly grasped and rendered. The philosopher remarked that Count Tolstoy had neither a philosophical mind nor philosophical training; but he heartily endorsed and praised the translation, and made not a single suggestion as to alteration; neither did Count Tolstoy, on receiving the book. The simple explanation of Mr. Maude's criticism is: either the copyists (members of Count Tolstoy's family), who prepared the manuscript, erred; or Tolstoy himself diametrically changed his views and his statements, in the interval which elapsed between the publication of the English version and the appearance of the Russian, some time later. In view of his habitual mental attitude of lightning change (his wife stated that it took place every two years, and that he was apt to rewrite a book, from the opposite point of view, at the last moment), it seems entirely unimportant whether he used the negative or the affirmative at any given time. Either version will suit his "adepts."

"How 'Resurrection' Was Written," and the introduction to 'The Slavery of Our Times' (showing how the principle of non-resistance is related to economic and political life), will be found mildly interesting to the members of the cult; while "After the Tsar's Coronation" and "Right and Wrong" have nothing whatever to do with Tolstoy, being merely divagations of Mr. Maude; the latter imitated at distressing length and obscurity from a passage in one of Tolstoy's books, in which the latter confesses a wrong-doing of his favorite sort publicly, and hazily denudes his soul.

The most interesting articles in the vol-

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ume are: "War and Patriotism" and "The Doukhobors." The former has no connection with Tolstoy, except that it is an argument, on his text of non-resistance, against the Transvaal war, in the form of a letter to John Bellows, a Quaker of Gloucester. The connection between Tolstoy and the Doukhobors is the refusal of the latter to bear arms, their adoption of Tolstoy's doctrines, in great measure, and the well-known incident of the latter's publishing 'Resurrection,' to pay for the emigration of the Doukhobors to British Columbia. Mr. Maude endeavors to be perfectly fair, and succeeds, except that he should have included the arguments of the Russian Government and Church against the emigrants, to afford a complete view.

The Practice of Typography: Correct Composition. By Theodore Low De Vinne, A.M. The Century Co. 1901.

This handsome little volume is companion to that published last year with the same leading title, but dealing with processes of type-making and kindred matters. Mr. De Vinne's present all-comprehensive subtitle reads: "A treatise on spelling, abbreviations, the compounding and division of words, the proper use of figures and numerals, italic and capital letters, notes, etc., with observations on punctuation and proof-reading." Scattered by the way under these several sections are handy tables of endings in -able and -ible, -or and -er, -sion and -tion, -ance and -ence, -our (English), -ize and -ise; with tables of signs, of abbreviations of the names of States and of books of the Bible. Valuable appendixes contain comparative lists of variations in spelling, compiled from four American and three English dictionaries, with indication of the generally accepted syllabification and stress (this fills more than seventy pages); and rules and examples for the division of words in French, Italian, Spanish, and German (guidance not to be found elsewhere, so far as we know).

Our master printer's chief aim has manifestly been to provide for the craft an authority which (in default of any other existing, or likely to exist) will tend to solve doubts in the compositor's and proof-reader's mind, and to promote that uniformity which would free the printer's art from so many vexations and from so much wasted labor. Each printing-house is now a law unto itself, and yet Mr. De Vinne is persuaded that the general practice among those who care for the niceties of printing accords with his precepts and classifications—and by "printing" we must understand the only subject considered in this book, viz., "undisplayed text composition."

The difficulty of a harmony such as is sought to be attained lies in an author's right to have his way if any controversy over typography arises—especially if he publish at his own expense. But the author who, before writing or committing his manuscript to the printer, masters these chapters, will have his ignorance and his eccentricities alike removed to a degree which will make his parabolic curve practically coincide with the asymptote of the printing-office. In fact, our excuse for dwelling upon a work which is technical from one point of view, is our sense of its immense importance as a literary drill-book.

"During the last fifty years," says Mr. De Vinne, "there has been no marked improvement in the average writer's preparation of copy for the printer, but there have been steadily increasing exactions from book-buyers. The printing that passed a tolerant inspection in 1850 does not pass now."

Use of the typewriter has in that period been a boon to the printer; but typewritten copy cannot rise higher than its source, while it is (in our experience) peculiarly liable to conceal its own errors, besides giving a false security to compositor, proof-reader, and copyholder, both slackening their watchfulness and disposing them to trust what is "printed." How often have we heard the expression, "It must be right; it's reprint," in regard to what the compositor has set from printed copy—a fetish simply replaced by typewriting.

We do not maintain that every part of this book is as necessary to the writer as to the compositor and his allies; but on the other hand there is nothing in it which every intelligent, to say nothing of every cultivated, man would not be the better for knowing. We should consider it most fortunate if instructors in rhetoric in our colleges could exact of every student the reading (if possible the ownership) of this manual, and such an examination as would prove that its fundamentals had been mastered.

Chapters 15, 16, and 17, on Punctuation, Proof-reading, and About Copy, are particularly commendable, in connection with those on Compound Words and the Division of Words. Punctuation, of course, has been the subject of many separate treatises, and Mr. De Vinne has not attempted to compete with these, except in the matter of the hyphen, the most difficult of all points, and the real *crux* of any discussion, as one may see in chapter 7, on Division. The clue to an understanding of punctuation is briefly stated (our author's style is always admirably terse and clear) on page 245: "The function of points is to make expression intelligible." The syntax of our mother tongue is so open to equivocation that punctuation has with us taken on a higher and more subtle development than in any other of the world's languages; while the law of freedom which is our great Anglo-Saxon heritage has produced an apparently hopeless diversity of usage, particularly in the matter of compounding and division. The main principles, however, are easily grasped, and it is a minor and indifferent matter whether we break a line in the interest of the eye or of the ear, or that, to quote Mr. De Vinne, at page 141, in parting, "English printers divide fa-ther and mo-ther as is here shown, but American printers render the words as fa-ther and moth-er."

Women and Men of the French Renaissance. By Edith Sichel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1901.

Women in the Golden Ages. By Amelia Gere Mason. The Century Co. 1901.

At first sight it would seem unfortunate for Miss Sichel that her studies of the Renaissance were so closely preceded by M. Maulde de la Clavière's 'The Women of the Renaissance,' which was reviewed last year in these columns. The latter is, however, a study of Feminism, and though it covers much the same period and deals with the same personages as Miss Sichel's book, there is room for both writers. Moreover, there is a vast difference in their methods. Miss Sichel writes as an Anglo-Saxon and a woman; M. Maulde as a man and a Frenchman. The contrast is amusing. M. Maulde's vocabulary, when he is relating the frailties of his lovely pedants, does not include the words "wicked" or "improper"; his moralizing, which occasionally grows tiresome, is all to the effect that the mission of woman is not to be learned but to be lovable. Throughout, he is wholly lacking in that sense of reverence which (at p. 3) Miss Sichel sorrowfully finds wanting in the French nation; to which, indeed, she ascribes the weakness of that nation to-day. With Miss Sichel we pass into the atmosphere of academic treatment, and its "dry light." Not that her studies are pedantic—they are eminently readable, but were not written primarily to entertain. She goes further than M. Maulde in that she discusses the men who figured in the French Renaissance as artists, scholars, and poets, the clearest sketches being of the brilliant patrons of all of these, Francis I. and his sister, Margaret of Navarre.

The amazing universality of the Renaissance woman does not, of course, bear a very close analysis, though it was certainly based on something more solid than supports the pretensions of the modern American woman who boasts that she belongs to twenty-two literary and social clubs, and imagines that her activities are raising the general level of culture. The fact remains that the women of France were even more ready than the men to be fired by the noble enthusiasm for learning and the arts which a close intercourse with Italy developed among them. The revival of the study of Plato and the adoption by these exalted ladies of principles that they fondly fancied were platonic, are a peculiar feature of the Renaissance which Miss Sichel has strangely ignored. Her chapter on Rabelais is among the most interesting of her sketches of men, which include Clément Marot, the poet, Étienne Dolet, Du Bellay, and Ronsard.

It would have been kinder to the learned belles of the French Renaissance to refrain from reproducing their portraits from old prints; the half-dozen that Miss Sichel shows us would be a complete disillusion if we could bring ourselves to believe that women so undeniably fascinating could have been so impossibly plain. The bibliographies and historical summary are most valuable, and we can only repeat, in conclusion, that those who wish to realize the position of women and the influence they exercised as soldiers, diplomatists, and patrons of the arts, should read Miss Sichel's book as an introduction to the "very good confused feeding" of M. Maulde's longer work.

Miss Sichel's book was based on a study of the sources. 'Woman in the Golden Ages' has the air of a collection of papers written to be read at a ladies' literary club, after about as much study of the sources as is usual in such enterprises. The titles of the papers are irritating. "Sappho and the First Woman's Club," "Aspasia and the First Salon," are misleading phrases. The first four papers display a vagueness that is at any rate conscientious. We recom-

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mend their writer to Benecke's 'Women in Greek Poetry' for some really precise information on a theme that needs a long rest. The final chapter, on "Woman's Clubs," contains some very sensible remarks on the need of moderation in the pursuit of club life by women. But we are inclined to think that Miss Mason is the victim of an amiable delusion if she supposes that men find women's clubs dull merely "because they have no vital part in them," or that they could be lured into these literary coteries on any terms. The separation of the interests of men and women, which she rightly deplores, is not to be counteracted by a spurious revival of the salon, for which the modern woman is almost as ill-equipped as the modern man.

The Gavel and the Mace. By Frank W. Hackett. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

A Handbook on Parliamentary Practice. By Rufus Waples. Second edition, enlarged. Chicago: Callaghan & Co.

It is not often that two books are published, at about the same time, which so well represent two methods so extreme that the reader fancies the two authors mutually smiling or sighing, each impressed by the extreme absurdity of the other. If we refer to the general subject of "Motions," for instance, we open in Mr. Waples's book upon this paragraph: "How are Subsidiary Motions divided? Into Declinatory, Amendatory, Dilatory, Complemental. Incidental, and Motions Relative to Voting" (p. 19). Searching similarly in the other book, we find the heading, "How to Make a Motion" followed by a quotation, "Let us then be up and doing," from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and by an anecdote of a Texan judge whose only law book was 'Cushing's Manual,' and who discharged a prisoner upon a motion made by his counsel and seconded by the prisoner himself. Few books on a matter-of-fact subject are on the whole more entertaining than 'The Gavel and the Mace,' and the person who has read it knows a good deal, in a desultory way, about parliamentary law. Few works are harder reading, on the other hand, than Mr. Waples's 'Parliamentary Practice.' It is as bloodless and as juiceless as a lesson in geometry, and yet many persons of exact mind would much prefer it of the two books. We should say, all things considered, that the old-fashioned Jefferson's or Cushing's Manual hits the middle ground much better than either, and gives as good a general training.

The essential point from which to approach the subject of parliamentary order —the point, namely that it is a very simple affair and is merely common sense developed into rules—is not very much emphasized by either of our authors. Yet it is the one discovery which most cheers the young legislator when it is revealed to him. Parliamentary order certainly looks much harder than is needful, if we rely on Mr. Waples to teach it to us; while it seems a little too easy in the hands of Mr. Hackett. In consulting the two upon some much-discussed question, as, for instance, the right of delegating the balloting to the secretary or some single person by unanimous consent, we have a good-enough test of the two manuals. So far as we can discover, Mr. Hackett evades the matter almost wholly, while Mr. Waples, going to the opposite extreme, absolutely denies the right of any public meeting to save time in any such way, even by unanimous consent. He gives no reason except this: "It is said that, if any one objects, the balloting cannot be thus delegated, but no one should be placed in the position where his right to vote secretly would be denied. No one should be obliged to object" (p. 154). This strikes us as much too extreme and technical, in view of the amount of time often saved by the motion. In comparing the two books, we should say that, for the determination of such especial points, Mr. Waples's book is no doubt better, but for waking up the probably slumbering brains of new legislators to vote intelligently, Mr. Hackett's book is the best. Each is well indexed, and they might well travel in pairs on the book counters.

The Lore of Cathay; or, The Intellect of China. By W. A. P. Martin. Fleming H. Revell Co.

It is certainly to the credit of American educated men living in Chinese Asia, especially, that they seriously endeavor not only to know the peoples outwardly, but to become acquainted with their mental processes. There is already a creditable array of American scholars and writers who have contributed to the philosophical understanding of the Chinese, Japanese, and Koreans. The best works on the religion, art, literature, philosophy, folk-lore, superstition, sociology, and nursery life of these peoples have been, for the most part, written by Americans. On this undoubted fact some have already endeavored to build an argument demonstrating the ability of Americans, as of Englishmen, to deal successfully with Asiatic peoples. Be that as it may, it is certain that, in the writings of Dr. W. A. P. Martin on the Chinese, we have a very informing and suggestive map of the intellect of China. Comparing this portly octavo of nearly 400 pages with the author's previous work on 'The Chinese, their Education, Philosophy, and Letters,' issued twenty years ago, and then noticed at length in these columns, we find what is virtually a new work. It is full of things old as well as things new, but the old matter has been freshly wrought over and luminously restated, with addition of much original matter, the whole being arranged in orderly sequence, withal toned and mellowed by the experiences and scholarly acquirements of a score of years.

Dividing his matter into five books, Dr. Martin shows first the contributions to the arts and sciences which China has unquestionably made, and to which Europe is as unquestionably indebted, notwithstanding that what was brought from China has been vastly improved upon in the West. Dr. Martin, like Dr. Arthur Smith, an equally vigorous philosophical writer, though with a much stronger modern touch and spirit, considers that the Chinese intellect of to-day, unnourished and undisciplined by science as it is, is nevertheless acute, vigorous, still potentially able to master what the Western man has won, and to grapple, like him, with the unknown. He thus pictures the life-long Chinese scholar: "In knowledge, according to our standard, he is a child; in intellect, force, a giant. A veteran athlete, the victor of a hundred conflicts, his memory is prodigious, his apprehensions quick, and his taste in literary matters exquisite." As it is, however, the Chinese mind normally does not see any new problems to grapple with; for, believing to the innermost fibre of his nature that things were made ages ago as good as they possibly could have been made, it seems to him nothing but pure absurdity to try and make them better. This conviction, lying so deep in the Chinese consciousness, is overmastering. Only by patiently and slowly educating new generations can it be changed and vicious notions extirpated. Nevertheless, the existence in such a country of such a thing as a national mind is itself an evidence of a susceptibility to change. So far from being hopelessly stereotyped, Dr. Martin sees that the Chinese mind has advanced from age to age with a stately march, absorbing heterogeneous elements with marvellous accumulative power. The modifications undergone in consequence of influences operative from without as well as from within, though slow, have always extended to the whole body. Unlike India, Africa, or even Europe, which is northern, southern, and Slavic, China is a unit. Through all its members there sweeps the mighty tide of a common life. There is no such thing, for example, in China proper as Buddhism or Taoism being arrested at the confines of a particular province. By virtue of a common language and common feeling, every pulsation from the great heart of the empire meets with prompt response. This fact, while it explains the slowness of change in Chinese life, gives an unshakable foundation for the hope in which all long and patient workers in the Chinese field are one, that vital reform is possible and highly probable in China.

One need not go into extensive review of Dr. Martin's chapters on the Literature, Religion and Philosophy, Education, or History. These are all interesting and rich in information, albeit they might be improved by a more exact and orderly arrangement, by a firmer touch in criticism, and even a deeper seriousness in diction, without so much that savors of a chatty conversation. Nevertheless, this last feature is perhaps to be commended by some, and will win readers. Dr. Martin considers that Buddhism has been a preparation for Christianity—not that he would, like Sir Edwin Arnold, "purloin the ornaments of the daughter of Zion to deck an Eastern beauty," or, like Schopenhauer, "persuade Western thinkers to sit at the feet of the gymnosophists of India"; but he sees that the conversion of the Chinese to Buddhism shows at once mental hospitality and flexibility. Apart from its importations from India in mispronounced Sanskrit, Buddhism has, within the domain of pure Chinese, enriched the language as it has enlarged the sphere of popular thought, bringing them such a repertory of ideas that even to-day "half the doctrines of Christianity are introduced to the Chinese in a dress borrowed from Buddhism." The first teachers of Christianity, on coming to China, he tells us, seized on these terms as so much material made ready to their hands, sprinkled them with holy water, and consecrated them to a new youth. No missionary, papal or Protestant, has ever abandoned the Buddhist terminology. The chapters

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on International Law, and Diplomacy in Ancient China, are decidedly original and very valuable contributions. Besides being the work of the expert translator and teacher of these sciences in the Imperial Chinese University, they are brightened by many modern comparisons and instances.

Other Worlds: Their Nature, Possibilities, and Habitability. By Garrett P. Serviss. D. Appleton & Co. 1901.

Mr. Serviss has meritoriously performed his task of discussing planetary possibilities in the light of the latest astronomical investigations, and 'Other Worlds' increases in interest and improves in style and presentation as its chapters proceed. Following in the footsteps of earlier writers on human interest in the worlds around us—Fontenelle, Flammarion, Proctor, and others—the present author attempts to show how wide and how rich is the field opened to the mind of man by his discoveries concerning worlds which, though in a physical sense inaccessible to him, still offer opportunity for intellectual conquests of the noblest description.

To this end the differences and the resemblances between our earth and its sister planets are emphasized; and the author, although not himself a professional astronomer, exhibits an intimate and accurate acquaintance with the researches of professional astronomers, which his long and successful experience as lecturer and writer helps him the better to elucidate. His readable chapters, while based upon facts, embody in their structure much discussion of mere theories and probabilities. It is helpful to the imagination to place one's self on these remote worlds, as he does his reader, and contemplate therefrom our earth and its swarming life. His tracing the origin and development of the various bodies in our planetary system is instructive, his picture of their present condition as individuals is graphic, and their marvellous contrasts as members of a common family are well accentuated. Not even the little planets nor the satellites are omitted from his pretty thorough presentation. The chapter on the moon is, in fact, not only the best in the book, but the most satisfactory presentment of that subject, always new and never exhausted, that has appeared in any modern popular astronomy. An additional paragraph touching on the recent work of Langley and Very would have made it even more acceptable. Mr. Serviss adopts *in toto* the late conclusions, although hardly yet verified, of the younger Pickering, in his published discoveries of vegetation, atmosphere, and volcanic activity on the moon.

Naturally, Mr. Serviss's discussion of Mars is the fullest of all; and in ruling between opposing camps, he exhibits good judgment, accepting the well-verified observations of Schiaparelli, whose patient and painstaking and masterful work is not even yet, a quarter-century from its inception, everywhere appreciated at its true value. Mr. Serviss does well to go back to Schiaparelli's own original words, so often misquoted and misunderstood, in relation to the clouds of the planet and the undoubted gemination of its canals as real phenomena of the planet's disk.

Eros (whose discoverer was Witt, by the way, not De Witt, page 132-3) is accorded the prominence that its engaging the present attention of practical astronomers merits, and from all their laborious watching we may soon hope for a new and more accurate value of the sun's distance. The interjection of "A Waif of Space" rather takes one's breath away, and suggests a touch of padding, though it will doubtless not strike all readers as objectionable. On page 23, *the perihelion velocity of Mercury* is said to be 29 miles in a second, and eleven pages later, 35; which does the author intend? Pages 54 and 92, the astronomer mentioned should be W. *H.* Pickering, as elsewhere; and page 280 the same, not Edward C. Pickering, should be credited with discovering the new satellite of Saturn. Page 181, the size of Jupiter's satellites needs obvious correction.

The concluding chapter, on finding the planets in the sky, will be a boon to many a star-gazer; and 'Other Worlds' as a whole, though not a book of the highest order, will nevertheless contribute more towards a live popular interest in astronomy than many university chairs.

Two Centuries' Growth of American Law, 1701-1901. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

The recent celebration at Yale had features more permanent, if less striking, than those which delighted the eyes of the great congregation of graduates. This collection of essays by members of the faculty of the Law School is such a feature; and it is only one of a series of volumes, prepared by members of the different faculties, which are being issued by the University. The design is to indicate the character of the studies in which the instructors are engaged; but, if carried out thoroughly, it must at the same time reveal the character of the instructors and that of their instruction. A hundred years hence posterity can refer to this series as unimpeachable authority for its historical judgments; and the authors may be indifferent to contemporary praise or blame, secure in a posthumous celebrity at the next centennial.

The method adopted is to divide the Law into seventeen departments, and, in most cases, to assign the treatment of each department to a different hand. Professors Baldwin and Townsend, however, have each four papers. Probably this method secures a more thorough treatment of particular departments than would be given them by a single commentator, but the result lacks unity. No doubt the professed purpose is attained. The character of the studies in which the writers are engaged is indicated; still, we do not have what can properly be called a book on the development of law in the United States. It is only necessary to compare these essays with the commentary of Chancellor Kent, in order to perceive the difference in the results attained.

Regarded as critical digests of the law of real property, contracts, torts, equity, evidence, etc., the papers will be read with interest by the scholarly members of the profession. To enumerate the changes that have taken place in two centuries is no small undertaking. To estimate them within this limited compass is almost impossible, and perhaps the most satisfactory results are attained in those papers which proceed *per enumerationem simplicem.* That upon criminal law and procedure is of most general interest, but of least encouragement. Progress in other departments of law has been far greater. Its nature and extent are to be comprehended only by a profound study of the general development of the country and its institutions; but the positive changes are well set forth in these scholarly papers.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alldridge, T. J. The Sherbro and its Hinterland. Macmillan. $6.
Annual Report of Smithsonian Institution, 1899—1900. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Arnold, Matthew. Sweetness and Light. H. M. Caldwell Co.
Bacon, E. F. Une Semaine à Paris. American Book Co. 50c.
Baillie, J. B. The Origin and Significance of Hegel's Logic. Macmillan.
Bain, John, jr. Tobacco in Song and Story. H. M. Caldwell Co.
Baum, L. F. The Master Key. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.
Bigelow, Mrs. Poultney. While Charlie Was Away. D. Appleton & Co. 75 cents.
Blodgett, Harriet F. Songs of the Days and the Year. Grafton Press.
Borrow, George. The Zincali. John Lane.
Branch, Anna H. The Heart of the Road, and Other Poems. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Bridgeman, L. J. Guess. H. M. Caldwell Co.
Brooks, Florence. The Destiny, and Other Poems. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Brown, Alice. Margaret Warrener. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Browning, Robert. Dramatic Lyrics and Romances, and Other Poems. (Oxford Miniature Edition.) Henry Frowde. 3s. 6d.
Buchheim, C. A. and Emma S. Goethe's Hermann und Dorothea. Henry Frowde.
Burgess, Gelett. The Burgess Nonsense Book. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.15.
Caballero, Fernán. Narraciones. R. D. Cortina. $1.
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Cesaresco, Evelyn M. Italian Characters in the Epoch of Unification. New ed. Scribners. $2.50.
Champney, Elizabeth W. Romance of the Renaissance Châteaux. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.
Clark, J. W. The Care of Books. London: C. J. Clay & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $5.
Cornish, F. W. Chivalry. (Social England Series.) London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $1.75.
Cortina, R. D. Episodios. R. D. Cortina. $1.
Cram, G. F. Minette. Chicago: John W. Iliff & Co.
Crockett, S. R. The Firebrand. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.
Davies, D. C. The Atonement and Intercession of Christ. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark; New York: Scribners. $1.25.
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Delannoy, Burford. The Margate Mystery. Brentano's. $1.25.
De Vinne, T. L. The Practice of Typography: Correct Composition: A Treatise on Spelling, etc. Century Co.
Dos Passos, J. R. Commercial Trusts. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Drachmann, Holger. Nanna: A Story of Danish Love. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.
Drummond, Henry. The Evolution of Bible Study. Edwin S. Gorham. 50c.
Duckworth, Lawrence. An Epitome of the Law Affecting Marine Insurance. London: Effingham Wilson.
Egan, M. F. An Introduction to English Literature. Boston: Marlier & Co.
Ehrke, Eduard. A Guide to Advanced German Prose Composition. Henry Frowde. 75 cents.
Eldridge, Clement. Rescued by a Prince. The Saalfield Pub. Co.
English, V. P. The Mind and its Machinery. Vol. I. Cleveland: Ohio State Pub. Co. $1.
Everett-Green, Evelyn. Miss Marjorie of Silvermead. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.
Fairbairn, A. M. Religion in History and in Modern Life. Thomas Whittaker. 80 cents.
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Geddes, Patrick, and Thompson, J. A. The Evolution of Sex. London: Walter Scott; New York: Scribners. $1.50.
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Hodder, F. H. Outline Maps for an Historical Atlas of the United States. Boston: Ginn & Co.
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Horstman, Carl. Nova Legenda Anglie. 2 vols. Henry Frowde. 36s.
Houck, Louis. The Boundaries of the Louisiana Purchase. St. Louis: Phillip Roeder.
Howells, W. D. Italian Journeys. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.
Jaeger, Henrik. Henrik Ibsen. New ed. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.
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Jefferson, C. E. Quiet Hints to Growing Preachers in my Study. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.
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Kenny, C. S. A Selection of Cases Illustrative of English Criminal Law. London: C. J. Clay & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $3.
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Lee, Sidney. Dictionary of National Biography, Supplement, Vol. III. Macmillan. $5.
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McCarthy, C. H. Lincoln's Plan of Reconstruction. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Milner, Lord. Arnold Toynbee. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 90 cents.
Moore, Sarah L. Merry Jingles. Zimmerman's. $1.25.
Neilson, H. B. An Animal A B C. London: Blackie & Son; New York: Scribners. $1.
Nichols, L. Adda. Delphine, and Other Poems. San Francisco: The Whitaker & Ray Co. $1.
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Patin, Gui. La France au milieu du XVIIe Siècle. Paris: Armand Colin. 4 fr.
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Peters, J. P. The Old Testament and the New Scholarship. London: Methuen & Co.; New York. Macmillan. $1.
Phillimore, I. S. Sexti Properti Carmina. Henry Frowde. 3s.
Prothero, R. E. The Works of Byron, Vol. VI.: Letters and Journals. London: John Murray; New York: Scribners. $2.
Reid, W. M. The Mohawk Valley. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.
Remington, Frederic. A Bunch of Buckskins. 8 drawings in pastel. R. H. Russell.
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Serao, Matilde. The Ballet-Dancer. Harpers. $1.50.
Serviss, G. P. Other Worlds. D. Appleton & Co.
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Silberrad, Una L. Princess Puck. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
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